

THE  
BRUNONIA D:

AN  
HEROIC POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.



CONTAINING

A solemn Detail of certain Commotions which have, of late, divided the Kingdom of  
Physic against itself. A critical and truly Homeric Catalogue of our present  
Luminaries of Medicine.—A Preface, describing the present State of  
Medicine, being the Result of deep philosophical Investigation.—And  
a Dedication, being a Specimen of the Author's Talents  
in the Sublime and Beautiful.

Audire magnos jam videor duces,  
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,  
Et cuncta terrarum subacta,  
Præter atrocem animum BRUNONIS.

HORACE.

Heroes, in arms, methinks mine eyes survey,  
With learned dust, most honourably foul,  
All Physic's Lords appall'd with deep disinay,  
Except, stern BRUNO, thy majestic soul.—

Tell the pale Nation what new Tumults reign  
Among the Homicides in Warwick-lane.

GARTH.

BY JULIUS JUNIPER,  
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L O N D O N:

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SINCE the decline of the Boerhaavian system of medicine, the only ones which have extensively prevailed, are those of Drs. Cullen and Brown, both of Edinburgh. Dr. Cullen published his, some years ago, in a work, entitled "First Lines of the Practice of Physic." Not long after, Dr. Brown published his *Elementa Medicinæ*, wherein he refuted the former in a very ample manner, and gave lectures, to a number of students, with great approbation. Dr. Cullen is professor of the practice of physic in the University; Dr. Brown was a private teacher. Some time ago, the Doctor, probably not meeting with the encouragement he wished for in Scotland, and being at perpetual variance with the professors, came to London, where he delivered several courses of lectures, and died.

In his Latin publication he assumes the name of JOHANNES BRUNO.









T H E

P R E F A C E.

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AS custom seems to have laid an embargo on every publication, especially in the province of poetry, unless ushered into the world by a few pages under the title of Preface, a deviation from so useful, so polite, and so extensive a practice, is a fault, of which we would wish by no means to be guilty. For this purpose, perusing an immense number of these elegant performances, we find that the majority of authors, in committing their lucubrations to the press, have been involuntary agents; and that it is entirely owing to the urgent requests and intercessions of their numerous catalogue of friends, that the public have ever enjoyed the supreme happiness of imbibing instruction from these fountains of erudition, which, but for the benevolent exertions of these very friends, must have



have unavoidably remained for ever closed. Fearing this also, from its unlimited use, may have likewise become a law of custom, not to be infringed, we here think proper to inform our readers, that, had not our friends become so outrageously clamorous and turbulent, it is very probable, this our Brunoniad, from our great modesty and trepidation, would have slept for ages in unmolested repose. Should the preceding sentences seem harsh and unharmonious unto any of our readers, prejudice itself, we presume, will readily excuse them, when informed, that, from our ignorance in composition of this kind, they have cost us (especially the last) more trouble and anxiety than the whole of our poem. We say the last, against which our only objection is this, that it unluckily happens to be prose instead of poetry.

Before we attempted the invocation of any muse, we were fully aware of the importance of our theme, which the most inveterate malevolence will not dare to load with detraction; since the heroes thereof, through the lapse of unnumbered ages, have sustained the most dignified characters in society, bowing the stiff necks, and bending the stubborn knees of the most Herculean members, and having their mandates, whether in the proper application of a cataplasm, or the exhibition of a purgative, obeyed with as much punctuality as ever were those of an eastern despot.

We assure our benevolent readers, that it was with no small concern that we saw deeds worthy of eternal memorial daily transacted in our northern regions, and no inhabitant of Parnassus inspired with a noble ardour to commit them to posterity, that fu-  
ture



ture generations might take a retrospect of the prowess of their ancestors, contemplate their virtues,

“ Mix in their deeds, and kindle at the flame.”

This we affirm to have been the sole cause of our labours; to which we were further prompted, by casually glancing upon “ Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona, &c.”

With regard to the genealogy of our hero, we are extremely sorry that we can offer no accurate account. Ecclesiastical history mentions certain pontiffs of the same name; but we do not recollect any notice taken of the lineaments of their countenances, whether they were abstemious, or indulged a little in certain fluids, which possess a wonderful property in exhilarating the animal spirits, and making jovial the inward man. Most probably they did; for unto us it seemeth an utter impossibility, that the amazing efficacy of these inestimable treasures, in stimulating the orator, and, consequently, propagating the gospel (which hath since received such incontestable proofs in this our island), should escape the learning and ingenuity of a Roman pontiff.

These are all the remarks we have to offer upon this beloved offspring of our brain; and we would willingly flatter ourself with the hopes, that our readers will be unanimous, in acknowledging that the grandeur of our song is sustained with due solemnity; that in the unity, the integrity, and the duration of our action, the characters of our heroes, and the machinery of our poem, we have faithfully adhered to the precepts of our father Aristotle; that



we have no where transgressed the bounds of probability; and, that even the morality of our work is sufficiently evident, without the minute investigation of a microscopic eye.

Here then would we willingly fix the period of our labours; but our veneration and respect for the learned faculty whose actions are the subject of our song, are so intense and vehement, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of expatiating a little upon so useful a profession.

Our speculations, of late years, have been much engaged among the brethren of the healing art, and the result, when we examine our journal, seems to be as follows:

*First.* Although the ancient distinction of sects be, to superficial observation, seemingly dropt into oblivion, yet we have a multitude of facts which evince the dogmatics, the methodics, and the empirics to be still remaining. Of the dogmatics, it hath been our fortune to meet with great numbers: they possess many excellent qualities, of which their ancestors were utterly destitute; but in nothing do their mental faculties appear with greater splendour, than in their firm adherence to any particular opinions which have made more than ordinary impressions upon the sensorium commune, rather choosing the wrong with Galen than the right with Paracelsus: so great indeed is their stability (if I may be allowed the expression) in this respect, that to attempt the refutation of any single dogma, would be a task equally fruitless, as to persuade a physician to diminish his fee to six-pence, or an apothecary to compound his laxative potion for a farthing.

*Secondly.*



*Secondly.* Neither are the methodical gentlemen so far extinct as many people are apt to imagine. Their forefathers attributed every disease (except a few which were of a mixed nature) to either too great a laxity or stricture of the corporeal particles; but the sublime philosophers of the present time, from the experience of ages, have proved this to be a gross error, and, by strength of genius, and laudable industry, have discovered the whole tribe of diseases to proceed from the latter cause; especially in these northern regions, where the cold, by obstructing the pores of the skin, hinders the escape of the perspirable fluid, which, stagnating, fills the system with morbid matter, till vigilant Nature gets the better in the contest, and obliges the foe to decamp in the various forms of leprosy, and herpes, and elephantiasis, and gout, and scald head, and fistula in ano. Accordingly, the establishment of health consists in filling the stomach and alimentary canal, at each aperture, with fluids in the greatest profusion; and then producing a brisk evacuation by emetics and cathartics; by which means, these diligent scavengers never fail to render this principal street, in the city of man, as clean from all impurities, as a soldier can the barrel of his musket, or a scullion her pans and porridge-pots, by the assistance of mops, or dish-clouts, or any utensil whatsoever. This gives them a peculiar right to the title of methodics; for whatever specious appearance the disease may assume, like good Dr. Sangrado's grand catholicon, by the above plan, the happy sufferer soon obtains rest from his labours. This tenet of theirs



hath met with much opposition, but we imagine it to have been the offspring of ignorance and prejudice; for if we consider that one half of our daily aliment, at an average, consists of solid food, then compute the immense evaporation and excretion of various fluids, from the several emunctories, in the space of a single day, we should be glad to know, if this truth be not manifestly established. (The diminutive evacuation of fæces deserves not to be mentioned.) Besides, our modern chemists have discovered, that the purest water itself leaves a copious residuum of earth. Doubtless then, when this is maturely considered, no one will hesitate to acknowledge the justice of this plan of cure, and even laud the enthusiasm of a certain professional character, in the Hotel Dieu, who was just upon the point of purging a dead patient, till dissuaded by his attendant from so uncommon a measure. We have often, at our leisure hours, thought upon a cheap substitute, which might be equally useful in each form of disease; and that substitute is fire. Should a stricture ever happen to prevail, from its known quality in expanding all bodies, how easily, we may naturally conjecture, would it here produce a beneficial effect. And when the opposite cause prevails, we ask, if from evaporation we might not cherish the most sanguine hopes of success? We are fully persuaded of this, from its analogous effect upon a bar of iron, and a log of wood.

*Thirdly.* The empirics we scarce need mention, as they are sufficiently known to the most indolent observer. They are the most honour-



honourable members of the faculty, as they generally attain the most exalted station, soaring above their fellows at least six or twelve feet, but sometimes double or triple the distance, by the assistance of a curious suspensory bandage, which a surgeon in the vicinity of Newgate hath long since obtained a patent for making. They have among them men of the greatest sagacity and penetration: nay, we have had ocular demonstration of their discovering parts of the human frame by mere instinct, which escaped the perception of the most minute anatomist, even by the assistance of a microscope; also of their pointing out the seat of disorders, which had eluded all the attempts of their brethren, by only inspecting the urinary secretion, with as much facility as a hog scents acorns. These gentlemen, by a peculiar formation of their organs, seem to have been formed for the profession by nature; whereas, among their learned opponents, it is purely an acquisition of art.—The great Dr. Graham is a member of this sect; but however well his happy ingenuity may have operated to the benefit of his countrymen in other respects, we never could conceive what utility he could possibly hope for from his earth baths; till some time ago, finding, in a certain author, an opinion of disease being produced by Nature's being thrust from her seat, whom the faculty attempted to replace by pushing at the anterior superior, and posterior inferior orifices of the body, we conjectured, that perhaps she might have become more volatile and capricious; therefore, the sagacious Doctor was resolved, by the closest imprisonment, to confine her in



her disordered citadel, till other necessary assistance could be administered.

*Fourthly.* It is observed, that, in the progress of civilization, every art and science becomes subdivided into a numerous train of separate departments, and every operator has his distinct portion to perform, that his ingenuity being confined within a smaller circle, by his industry, it may the sooner arrive at perfection. Medicine, we are happy to find, is not dilatory in following so excellent an example. We have the \* physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, and the man-midwife. Here we shall remark a curious circumstance. The physician, from whatever origin he may deduce his claim, hath assumed a strange superiority over his brethren, who frequently, in practice, unite the four characters above mentioned in one; which time having rendered venerable and sacred, his whole office consists in transmitting to his inferiors certain written orders; vulgarly called prescriptions, which are deposited upon their shelves, with as much solemnity as though they were the annals of empire, which indeed, in a great measure, they are. Strange, that so much arrogance should possess the human mind! that an individual, whose knowledge is confined to a single department, should, like the proud frog, not only imagine himself equal, but superior, to the tremendous ox, who contains in himself the whole round of science, unimpaired, and undivided!

\* By this appellation, in our poem, we wish to include the Faculty in general.

*Fifthly,*



*Fifthly.* We are told that "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards." The author, no doubt, had great reason to make this exclamation, his affliction being very severe; and, as we read not of any member of the faculty being applied to to administer the balm of Gilead, we think it is a sufficient reason for concluding there were none in existence in those days. But now, for the welfare of society, *tempora mutantur*. Who can repress his admiration, to behold mankind, through every stage of life, under the immediate protection of these tutelar saints, from infancy to childhood, from childhood to hoary hairs?

O may the happy season hasten (and we presume, from their unnumbered multitude, that it is not far off), when the citizen cannot turn the corner of a street without brushing his coat against the powdered perriwig of a disciple of Pean! when a grain of perspirable matter cannot exhale from the pores, nor the pairing of a nail fall to the ground, without their immediate attention and assistance!

Hujus in adventum jam nunc et Caspia regna  
Responsis horrent Divum, et Mæotia tellus,  
Et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.

Many of our friends have been very importunate with us to pen a Dedication to some illustrious personage: we would willingly gratify their desires, but, unfortunately, there is no one to whom we have the honour to be known, much more whom we have the assurance to address in public: however, as the bare form may probably satisfy them, we shall attempt the performance of this arduous task in the best manner we are able.







## DEDICATION.

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MY LORD,

TO attempt a delineation of your Lordship's generosity, your candour, your genius, your judgment, your learning, in short, of every amiable quality which ennobles your pure and exalted mind, would only expose the poverty of language and the imperfection of human genius. When to these we combine your ineffable modesty, the highest praise is presumption, and the grossest adulation ineffectual. You, my Lord, ever since that memorable hour, when the sagacious Obstetrix introduced his pupil to the venerable assembly of scientific females, have regarded me with that tenderness and respect for which life itself would be a poor recompense. To your care, my Lord, it is owing, that the blossoms of genius have been enabled to produce fruit. To you, who, like a diligent husbandman, dunged and cultivated the barren soil with rich manure, the crop returns in full maturity, like the stream into its parent ocean. This, my Lord, the censorious world may perhaps think the effusion of flattery; but my heart bears witness, that I presume not to offer what you would



would spurn with contempt when you saw the sacred name of truth profaned. Permit me, therefore, as an infinitely small token of gratitude, to deposit beneath your footstool this production of my leisure hours. But will your Lordship indeed desist a single moment from turning round the cumbrous wheel of empire, to regard the reptile which crawls at your feet? I know your wonted condescension, and am,

With the greatest humility,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most humble and devoted Servant,



JULIUS.



T H E  
B R U N O N I A D.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF NESTOR, AND THE RISE OF BRUNO.

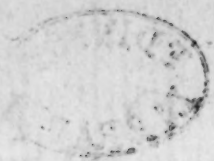
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A R G U M E N T.

THE Exordium—Invocation, and Panegyric on the great City—from the various Branches of Science, the Poem proceedeth to Medicine, and slideth into the midst of Things—describeth Nestor exalted into the Regions of Theory, and then groping in the Field of Practice—his Trepidation at the Sound of evil Tidings—then, with Rapidity, the Muse singeth the Generation, Conception, and Birth of Bruno.

The Time is uncertain—the Scene lieth first at Nestor's House—then changeth to the Bedside of Bruno—and from thence evaporateth the Lord knows where.









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# B R U N O N I A D.

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## C A N T O I.

**I** SING the man, who, long in strife embroil'd,  
In Pean's school with noble ardour toil'd,  
While stern Professors rose, in luckless hour,  
To blast his efforts, and subdue his power.  
In vain! The hero, with success elate,  
Still soar'd superior to the storms of Fate.  
Fair Science crown'd him with her wreath divine,  
And rosy Bacchus wav'd his pregnant vine.  
Hence, when weak patients shook with horrid fear,  
Condemn'd to blisters, gruel, and despair,  
His outstretch'd arm could ebbing life support,  
By powerful whisky, and enlivening port.  
But now his loss the languid train deplore,  
The jolly God his triumphs boasts no more;  
His hero bows to Fate's relentless doom,  
And sleeps, unconscious, in the silent tomb.



THE BRUNONIA D:

Parnassian Muse, thy pure ethereal fire  
Impart, and all my glowing breast inspire.  
And thou, great God, to whom all arts belong,  
Patron alike of physic and of song;  
Whose constant beams, with undiminish'd flame,  
In heaven's wide arch for ever shine the same;  
Say, what fell demon could their arms engage,  
When grave physicians burn'd with ruthless rage?

Friend to my soul, whose ardour, still the same,  
No care can vanquish, and no absence tame;  
To whom my willing Muse, with fond desire,  
Breath'd the pure incense of her virgin lyre;  
Ah! let her yet thy welcome aid obtain,  
To nerve her pinions for a nobler strain.  
Behold, my Garnett, whilst the trumpet's jar  
Gives ruthless nations to the rage of war,  
'Mongst Pean's sons, the stream of Discord flow,  
And strong Contention make the mighty bow!  
O come, and with thee bring, in solemn state,  
The breast unruffled, and the brow sedate;  
Nor, careless, mine a vulgar task esteem,  
For grave the numbers, and august the theme.

Not far from where impending \* Arthur shrouds  
His hoary summit in the rolling clouds;  
Where high the cliffs of barren Sailsbury rise,  
Edina's towers salute the ambient skies;  
Here Scotia's maidens, from their windows, pour  
The fragrant incense of the teeming shower;

\* *Arthur, &c.*] Arthur's Seat, a high mountain near Edinburgh.



While



While the poor stranger, all desponding, shows  
The gold refulgent on his spatter'd clothes ;  
Dreads, from above, the fierce descending foe,  
And splashing fords th' obstructing mire below :  
Here, from afar, he hears, with hollow roar,  
The groaning ocean lash the founding shore ;  
While, with loud howl, tempestuous Boreas blows,  
Shakes the tall roof, and sweeps the frozen snows.

Near to that \* dome where Misery vents her prayer,  
And Pean's glorious sons at twelve repair ;  
Where life's last sparks are suffer'd to decay,  
And legs and arms remorseless lopt away,  
In solemn pomp a spacious † square appears  
Sable with smoke of slow revolving years ;  
On every side majestic structures rise,  
And brave the fury of inclement skies ;  
While a shrill bell, amid the lonely tower,  
With frequent sound, proclaims the passing hour.

For ages here hath blooming Science shone,  
And call'd her crowding pupils round her throne ;  
Philosophy, with high erected stare,  
Enraptur'd scans the desert depth of air ;  
Divinity, in sober garb array'd,  
Harangues her sons amid the secret shade :  
And pompous Physic, rob'd in lengthen'd pall,  
With notes sonorous fills the echoing hall ;  
With wild invention crowds her fertile brain,  
Anxious for fame, and covetous of gain.

\* The Royal Infirmary.

† The University.



Her strange chimeras sacred Truth believes,  
 Till future time her children undeceives.  
 Here still she rules the willing land in peace,  
 Stranger to health, and enemy to ease;  
 Hence, with due state, she issues forth her laws,  
 While thousand pupils murmur loud applause:  
 Hence comes whate'er the press tumultuous pours,  
 Whole loads of systems, facts in copious showers,  
 Romantic theories, which no laws can bind,  
 While loitering Practice lingers far behind;  
 The strange conceits of many a crazy wit,  
 Mysterious rules which never answer'd yet.  
 Hence, o'er the land, in reams succeeding reams,  
 Sage Nestor's \* spasm, and † Galen's waking dreams;  
 ‡ Nestor, who now that fable garment wore,  
 Which many a grave professor deckt of yore,  
 White as the milky dove, or Boreal snows,  
 His ample wig around his shoulders flows,  
 And seventy rolling years in vain control  
 The flights eccentric of his daring soul.  
 From noise secluded, in his airy cell,  
 Where proud Philosophy delights to dwell,  
 Still, as in youth, intent on bold designs,  
 Line into line, and page to page he joins;  
 In painful study yet exhausts his skill  
 To form a bolus, and to mould a pill;  
 While full display'd before his raptur'd eyes,  
 A glittering train of bright ideas rise:

\* First Lines of the Practice of Physic. † Clinical Experiments. ‡ Dr. C—l—n.



He sees how spasm the tortur'd frame assails,  
 Alike when Tone \* or Atony \* prevails;  
 How fierce when high the purple currents flow,  
 And how much fiercer when as much too low.  
 Patient of toil, his labouring hands restore  
 Whate'er Germanic Hoffman taught before;  
 † Immortal sage! in whose stupendous plan  
 Shines forth a vital principle in man.  
 Ask what destroys the student's roseate bloom  
 When frowning Fate proclaims the ‡ day of doom?  
 'Tis spasm, 'tis spasm, th' exulting hero cries,  
 And rolls in majesty his awful eyes.  
 § When baleful Febris, with unhallow'd breath,  
 Breathes on the panting wretch the blast of death,

Ask

\* Vigour or debility.

† *Immortal sage, &c.*]—Before Dr Hoffman, a humoral pathology made great part of every medical system; considering the human body as composed of different elements, earth, water, &c.—So that this professor seems to have been the first who considered the body, as endued with a vital principle.

‡ Day of examination for degrees.

§ *When baleful Febris, &c.*]—"The face and extremities become pale; the features shrink; the bulk of every external part is diminished." FIRST LINES.

"Upon the whole, our doctrine of fever is explicitly this. The remote causes are certain sedative powers applied to the nervous system, which diminishing the energy of the brain, thereby produce a debility in the whole of the functions, and particularly in the action of the extreme vessels. Such, however, is, at the same time, the nature of the animal œconomy, that this debility proves an indirect stimulus to the sanguiferous system; whence by the intervention of the cold stage, and spasm connected with it, the action of the heart and larger arteries is increased, and continues so till it has the effect of restoring the energy of the brain, and extending this energy to the extreme vessels, of restoring therefore their action, and thereby especially overcoming the spasm affect-



Ask what sad cause contracts his aspect wan,  
 And shrinks his substance into half a man,  
 Till from each pore the sweat break out amain,  
 Speak the cause gone, although th' effect remain?  
 'Tis spasm, 'tis spasm, th' exulting hero cries,  
 And rolls in majesty his awful eyes.  
 Next he beholds the vital current stream  
 Through each soft viscus, every tender limb;  
 Sagely concludes, when in full tides it flows  
 Impetuous, from the stomach, lungs, and nose,  
 That as when rivers float the spacious plains,  
 Swell'd by the torrent of descending rains,  
 Search out new channels and new paths require,  
 To bid their roarings cease, their waves retire;  
 So in the vein he strikes a gash profound,  
 And calms the flood, by opening wide the wound.  
 Again the sage perceives with searching eyes,  
 Through every nerve, how quick sensation flies,  
 How, by this medium, Alma Mater feels  
 When summer burns, and freezing winter chills;  
 \* Sees the soft brain collaps'd and swell'd by turns,  
 When frantick mania roars, or melancholy mourns.  
 And now, the cause explor'd, elate with joy,  
 The various cures his matchless mind employ.

"ing them; upon the removing of which the excretion of sweat, and other marks of relaxation of excretories, take place."

FIRST LINES.

\* See the soft brain, &c.]—"When the state of the brain is any way preternaturally increased, I give it the name of excitement: to that state in which the mobility and force are not sufficient for the ordinary exercise of the functions, &c. I give the name of collapse."—

FIRST LINES.

Say



Say what's the plan when patients weak and poor  
Nauseate and vomit? Yet to weaken more.

\* When the pure stream, by rushing torrents fed,  
Flows copious from the labouring bosom? Bleed.

If the dread foe uninjur'd still remain,

What next shall quell the deluge? Bleed again.

Furious and wild, when mad Orestes raves?

Haste, haste and plunge him in the world of waves;

Prompt on his scalp the pungent blister lay,

† Or crown his temples with their native clay.

What general rules shall fleeting life preserve?

Vomit, and purge, and bleed, and sweat, and starve.

What scenes, O Nestor, blest thy fight that day,

When finish'd at thy feet the volumes lay!

What floods of gruel gratified thy soul!

What heaps of blisters swarm'd from pole to pole!

What hosts of night-caps then besieg'd thy door!

What crowds of lancets drank of human gore!

While thy rapt eyes beheld, in trance divine,

Ten thousand thousand suppliants at thy shrine.

Eased from his toil, the learned sage awhile

Bask'd in the beams of Fortune's tempting smile;

High on his table smok'd the mighty chine,

And his glass sparkled with the rosy wine.

\* *When the pure stream, &c.*]—In speaking of spitting of blood, "this is to be industriously taken off by blood-letting, in greater or smaller quantity," &c. FIRST LINES.

† *Or crown his temples, &c.*]—"The application of the noted clay-cap." This is proposed as a remedy in mania.



He saw opinion, with ungovern'd sway,  
 From brain to brain impetuous work its way.  
 Each phantom of his visionary head,  
 From hall to hall, with quick progression spread,  
 Proof 'gainst all rage, and firm 'gainst all defence,  
 Thrill'd on each nerve, and gain'd on every sense,  
 That Theory's self all hail'd the genial hour;  
 Professors slept, and students thought no more.

But while his thoughts on future glories rove,  
 Swift came the fatal hour ordain'd by Jove:  
 Fame, while serene he shar'd the sweet repast,  
 From trump tremendous blew a hideous blast,  
 Nunciate of Bruno: at the dreadful sound  
 Old Rekey's courts rebellow'd all around,  
 And Glasgow trembled at the gust profound.  
 \* As great Alcides, crown'd with hostile spoil,  
 (When graz'd his herds Hesperia's fertile soil)  
 With starting horror saw, expos'd to day,  
 The yawning den where fiery Cacus lay;  
 † As stood Domitius with erected hair,  
 When the prophetic ox bawl'd "Rome beware;"  
 So, chill'd with terror, physic's lord appear'd,  
 Shrunk from the blast, and trembled as he heard;  
 Wedg'd in his throat the half-chew'd morsel stood,  
 And o'er his robe the gliding gravy flow'd;

\* See Virgil, lib. viii.

† Bello etiam Punico secundo constitit Cn. Domitio bovem dixisse, cave tibi Roma.  
 VALER. MAXIM.

Pallid



Pallid as death, the hero breathes no more,  
And, thundering, falls extended on the floor.  
Quick to his aid th' officious servants fly,  
And to his nose the pungent salts apply ;  
One plung'd his feet within the tepid wave,  
The tasteful cordial while another gave ;  
A third more skill'd the circling fillet bound,  
And in the vein infix'd a dext'rous wound.  
Rous'd at the smarting stroke, his head he rears,  
Unfolds his orbs, and wild around him stares.

Omniscient Muses! ye whose souls sublime  
Pierce the long records of revolving time!  
When empires fall, when haughty monarchs bow,  
When crises happen, when the pulse beats low ;  
Relate your hero's birth, what signs appear'd,  
The matron's call when chaste Lucina heard ;  
With ready eye the glorious season scan,  
And bring ab ovo the illustrious man :  
For vain to such attempt, a mortal tongue,  
Or lungs, as thousand pealing mortars strong.

Far where the boreal world repels the main,  
And Scotia's shepherd tends his fleecy train ;  
Remote from crowds, recluse from noisy care,  
Connubial pleasures blest an aged pair :  
Long had they wish'd, but wish'd as long in vain,  
For labours past some kind reward to gain :  
Grim Fate, relentless, scorn'd the earnest prayer,  
And tost the finer particles in air ;  
Till potent opium's all diffusive charm,  
Fraught with full power, with glowing rapture warm,



From every cell the rushing fluid shed,  
 And lodg'd the atoms in th' enlivening bed.  
 Then nightly Fancy, at th' accustom'd hour,  
 Saw o'er the couch terrific visions lower;  
 High from its source some branching pine up grew,  
 Some fiery meteor struck th' affrighted view,  
 Some strange production of no mortal make,  
 Some hydra fierce, some Esculapian snake;  
 While the rude boy, impatient for the day,  
 In his dark dome, a restless captive lay,  
 Oft from his parent drew the plaintive squeal,  
 And kick'd his cavern with indignant heel;  
 Till the ninth welcome moon reveal'd, serene,  
 The eve predestin'd for the mighty scene.  
 He comes! he comes! the fuming caudle bear,  
 The wine, the sugar, nor the nutmeg spare;  
 He comes!—Far hence be instruments profane,  
 The death of mortals, and the source of pain:  
 Hence take the \* forceps, whose inhuman claw  
 Strikes the meek virgin with religious awe;  
 Hence the curst \* crotchet, whose tremendous pull  
 Tears up the deep recesses of the skull:  
 Some hand, benignant, calm the desp'rate fray,  
 And lead the wand'rer on his mystick way.  
 'Tis done! 'tis done! the welcome sound I hear,  
 The infant accents strike th' astonish'd ear!  
 Hark! to his notes the tottering mansion shakes!  
 Lo! at his voice th' astonish'd matron quakes.

\* Obstetrical instruments.



While her sage tongue foretels his wondrous doom,  
And talks prophetic of the years to come !

Close by the bed the great obstetrix stood,  
Fixt like a staring statue made of wood ;  
Stupid with deep amaze ; a rueful wight,  
In apron black, and bed-gown fair bedight :  
Trembled those hands renown'd for bloody war,  
When midnight groans requir'd their helpful care ;  
Shook that wise head where secret knowledge lay,  
In heaps of nostrums, which abhorr'd the day ;  
Mute that loud tongue which ne'er was mute before,  
And e'en the glittering guinea pleas'd no more.

Calm 'midst the scene the peaceful parent smil'd,  
And prest within her arms the lusty child ;  
He as the months on easy footsteps flew,  
Large and more large in bulk and stature grew :  
No feeble pap fond Nature's wants supplied,  
No sluggish milk the vigorous stomach cloyed ;  
But pure Geneva fed the vital flame,  
And bold evolv'd the unexampled frame.

Nor let the men whose lives from year to year  
Are one dull course of gruel and small beer,  
With haughty scorn the lib'ral plan survey,  
Or turn contemptuous from this upright way.  
To them in vain all-bounteous Nature gave  
The spark æthereal, generous, great, and brave :  
Ne'er did the goblet, crown'd with purple wine,  
Their breasts exalt to ecstasy divine ;  
In languid silence life rolls slowly on,  
Joy never felt, and sorrow scarcely known,

Till



Till drowsy Apathy, with aspect wan,  
Waves her pale wand, and vegetates the man.

Hail, parent Bacchus! whose inspiring juice  
Can nobler views, sublimer thoughts infuse;  
'Tis thine alone t' evolve the filken chain,  
\* Where life half viewless holds her weak domain;  
Where the dim speck its little orb displays,  
'Tis thine the pure enlivening flame to raise:  
'Tis thine, when youth rolls round his rapid streams,  
To swell the muscles, and expand the limbs,  
While Age himself, from pain and sickness free,  
Lolls in his easy chair and praises thee.

'Twas hence, great Bruno, thy untutor'd mind  
Left the dull load of matter far behind;  
Led to inebriate at the rosy spring,  
Thy dauntless genius stretch'd its ample wing.  
Hence, like the well-hoop'd cask, a gulph profound!  
Thy bold abdomen swells a spacious round:  
Hence, sure expulsion of all vexing care,  
The large carbuncle gilds thy forehead fair:  
Hence through thy veins th' exalted mixture flows,  
And hence the crimson honours of thy nose.

What daring bard shall sing in equal lays  
The boundless triumphs of thy riper days?  
Didst thou not range well pleas'd the calm retreat,  
And bask secure at Pean's awful feet?  
Whence thy great mind all various knowledge drew,  
That e'er the Coan sage or Galen knew;

\* Alluding to the embryo, which for some time is almost invisible, and appears like a small speck.



Rov'd thro' the tangling wilderneys with care,  
 \* Where moist and dry held everlasting war.  
 Then face to face beheld abhorr'd disease,  
 Ere yet thy guilty pocket clink'd with fees ;  
 Till the sage Doctor, o'er thy patient head  
 From the full urn, the oil of gladness shed,  
 And sent thee forth, from college-duty free,  
 Crown'd with the gorgeous title of M. D.

'Twas then thy hand far happier views display'd ;  
 'Twas then thy feet thro' scenes eccentric stray'd.  
 Tir'd of the tedious toil, thine eyes no more  
 From shelf to shelf o'er dusty volumes pore :  
 Behold ! unsheath'd the dreadful pen appears,  
 To blot the labours of two thousand years.  
 Each virgin page the flood of ink invades,  
 And o'er the quire spreads thick its deep'ning shades.  
 † Lo ! father Stimulus, with conscious pride,  
 Leads brisk Excitement smiling by his side ;  
 Swift as the meteor of a summer's sky,  
 From land to land, from shore to shore they fly.  
 The welcome sound each hungry patient hears,  
 And from his head the fordid night-cap tears ;

\* Alluding to their systems of medicine, where the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water, were considered as constituting the elementary particles of the body, with their qualities, hot, cold, moist, and dry.

† Dr. Brown gives the denomination of excitability to that principle which distinguishes living from dead matter ; food taken into the stomach, air, and other things acting thereupon, he styles exciting or stimulant powers ; their effect in producing passion, emotion, &c. he calls excitement. " *Proprietas per quam agunt, incitabilitas dicenda ; ipsæ potestates incitantes nominandæ.—Potestatum incitantium in incitabilitatem agentium, effectus incitatio nuncupandus.*" Vide *Elementa Medicinæ*.



Unbinds the fillet from the turgid vein,  
And life rekindling lights the eyes again.  
With angry orbs incens'd professors glare,  
And frown indignant on th' unwelcome pair.  
As o'er some favoury bone, with prick'd-up ears,  
When swarm the yelping multitude of curs;  
Each striving in the sweet repast to share,  
With wide-stretch'd jaws, they pull, they tug, they tear;  
If chance some mastiff snuff the scented gale,  
And pass the brethren of the bushy tail;  
Firm they the offal grasp, some loudly howl,  
Some grin, some snarl, some bark, some swear, some growl;  
The lordly beast, regardless of the fray,  
Bold and majestic stalks his destin'd way.



T H E

B R U N O N I A D.

---

THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

---

A R G U M E N T.

**N**ESTOR is sorely troubled with the Cardialgia—leapeth out of Bed at an unseasonable Hour, and fummoneth his Associates to Council—the Catalogue of the Heroes—their Debate, wherein Stentor rageth vehemently, and terrifieth the Senate with the Blaze of Arms.

The Time from four till ten o'Clock in the Morning—The Scene chiefly in the Synagogue.

D



B R U N O N I A D

THE GENERAL COUNCIL

A R G U M E N T

Nestor is loudly applauded with the Cardinals—burst out of  
it at an admirable hour, and immediately his Associates to  
Council—the Catalogue of the heroes—their Debate, wherein  
Nestor again vehemently, and earnestly the Senate with the blaze  
of arms.

The Time from four till ten o'clock in the Morning—The Scene  
chiefly in the Synagogue.



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T H E  
B R U N O N I A D.

---

C A N T O II.

ON that glad morn, when ruin'd man to save  
His rising Saviour left the gloomy grave;  
Whilst fable Darknefs held her general reign  
O'er the damp earth and o'er the flumbering main;  
At that dull hour when Lefbia, charming dame!  
With empty pockets quits th' unlucky game;  
Bold Nestor lay, with anxious cares opprest,  
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;  
Watchful he tofs'd, all silent and alone;  
And the strain'd bedstead echo'd groan for groan.  
Anon light slumbers gave a short repose,  
Then o'er his soul tumultuous visions rose;  
Frantick with rage he sees, with wild alarm,  
Vindictive Bruno raise his horrid arm;  
Each doughty champion flies with one accord,  
And suppliant Physic owns her potent lord.



He wakes—and next the screaming owl he hears  
 With hideous accent greet his frighten'd ears.  
 Stunn'd with the sound, his bitter fate he wails,  
 And raves, and swears, and gnaws his bloody nails.  
 Just as some patient on his mournful bed,  
 Scour'd by cathartics, and on water fed,  
 When wild Delirium, with tempestuous hand,  
 O'er Reason's empty palace holds command;  
 Loudly he roars, and, with resistless sway,  
 Like lightning hurls his gallipots away;  
 Till his bound hands and shaven pate declare,  
 With Pean's lusty sons how vain the war.  
 Thus Nestor storm'd; then, with a furious bound,  
 Forth from his couch he started on the ground;  
 Rob'd in a moment, with his project big,  
 He mov'd with vast magnificence of wig;  
 And, all regardless of the sacred day,  
 Quick to his comrades took his ready way.  
 His solemn voice requir'd, with speedy care,  
 Each to the hall immediate to repair.  
 They know what pangs the hero's peace destroy,  
 And his loud call obey with friendly joy.

This task discharg'd, he next prepares to go  
 Where the huge \* bridge o'erhangs the vale below,  
 What time the waning moon, with trembling beam,  
 O'er † Calton's summit cast a fainter gleam.  
 Thro' spacious ‡ streets he next his way pursues,  
 Wet with the wint'ry morn's surrounding dews;

• The north bridge at Edinburgh.    † A mountain near ditto.    ‡ The new town.



Nor stopt till near that noble fane he came,  
 Whose sacred walls bear \* Andrew's hallow'd name:  
 Here stands a † fabrick, built of massy stone,  
 And sage physicians claim it for their own.  
 High in the dome great Pean takes his seat,  
 And Python bleeds for ever at his feet.  
 Here, with due pomp, are wise discoveries read,  
 And cases given of thousand patients dead.  
 Vers'd in the art, each worthy member draws  
 Crowds of effects from ev'ry single cause.  
 Each here his windy elocution showers,  
 On jalap's rage, and opium's numerous powers.  
 Athirst for fame, here rare Invention teems  
 With novel plans and innovating schemes;  
 Above the rest while each pretender brags  
 Of oils and balsams, glister-pipes and bags.

Here Nestor enters, takes the chair of state,  
 And waits with anxious breast the bold debate:  
 Nodded his hoary head with palsied age,  
 His eye-balls flash'd with unextinguish'd rage:  
 And perch'd above, within the lofty room,  
 Stern Discontent display'd her harpy plume.

While thus oppress'd with rage, and grief, and fear,  
 Th' unfolding doors proclaim th' associates near.  
 Say, Muse, who first, who last with transport ran,  
 Who fill'd the rear, who sparkled in the van.  
 Great ‡ Stentor enter'd first, with rolling eyes,  
 And full fed paunch of round capacious size.

\* St. Andrew's church.

† The college of physicians.

‡ Dr. M—n—o.



Grimly he smil'd, as born for mighty sway,  
 As on his arm the weight of empire lay.  
 Well was he skill'd his burnish'd arms to wield,  
 And spread with mangled limbs the bloody field,  
 When loathsome Gangrene all her force had shown,  
 Or Caries slow consum'd the blacken'd bone.  
 Each dark arcanum he could well explain,  
 Of muscle, membrane, cartilage, and vein.  
 Oft 'neath his hand the suppliant victim bled,  
 And oft his knife had gash'd th' unconscious dead.  
 He knew where'er the purple current stray'd,  
 Where heart and liver, lungs and stomach laid.  
 His searching eye the secret mode divin'd,  
 How each dull brute can propagate its kind;  
 Knew how ideas fill the passive brain,  
 In diff'rent minds why diff'rent passions reign;  
 Why no complaints could modest Daphne move,  
 While sad Eliza burn'd with hopeless love.

With pond'rous staff, next \* Paracelsus came,  
 In chemic arts who boasts unequall'd fame.  
 His modest aspect cast upon the ground,  
 Instant he pass'd, as fixt in thought profound.  
 Disputes he shunn'd, nor car'd for noisy fame;  
 And peace for ever was his darling aim.  
 None better knew to raise the glowing fire,  
 And bid the pungent volatiles aspire.  
 Sound his opinion, and his judgment rare,  
 Of salts and earths, of sulphur and of air.

\* Dr. B—l—k.



Calm in the hall he took his peaceful seat,  
 In philosophic lore not Bruno's self more great.  
 Tall as the Highland fir; with thund'ring stride  
 Which shook the port, and echo'd far and wide,  
 \* Machaon enter'd: o'er his learned head  
 Few scatter'd hairs in rude disorder spread,  
 By study thinn'd; all ornament he scorn'd,  
 Nor with broad wig his naked scalp adorn'd.  
 In theory's mazy paths his mighty mind  
 Excell'd, and left his fellows far behind.  
 In practice great, his quick unerring hand  
 Sent many a wretch to Pluto's dreary strand.  
 Say, pale Edina, say, for thou canst tell,  
 Beneath his arm what mighty numbers fell?

Prim as the stately virgin of threescore,  
 In long red cloak, with hands across before,  
 Auld Galen † came, at whose tremendous stare  
 Health stood aghast, a picture of despair.  
 In ancient paths, with cautious step, he strays,  
 And mourns the state of these degenerate days.  
 He, when exhausted art has drain'd each vein,  
 With sage command can bleed and bleed again.  
 Cull'd with incessant care, his shelves are fill'd  
 With all the various physic of the field;  
 Gums, roots, and leaves, his constant thoughts employ;  
 Plaisters and unguents are his only joy.  
 Plac'd in his easy chair, he daily cants  
 Of tonics, cardials, and refrigerants;

\* Dr. Gr—g—y.

† Dr. H—m—e..

And



And lordly boasts their vast effects to show,  
Which none e'er knew, or ever wish'd to know.

Last of the chiefs, along the hall there came,  
In silent pomp, a noble child of Fame.  
He Doctor call'd, by those of heavenly birth;  
\* But known by † Andreas 'mongst the sons of earth.  
His plenteous ink flows forth in fable streams,  
And his brain labours with extensive themes.  
From year to year whate'er the harvest yields,  
What facts afford, or maudlin fancy builds,  
Squeez'd by his efforts into pigmy room,  
Salutes the public in a single ‡ tome.

These men of might came posting all along;  
Follow'd behind a bold tumultuous throng,  
In silence doom'd to perish and to fade,  
O'er whom Oblivion threw her deepest shade.

Couch'd in the grass, as when the timid hare  
Hears the loud hounds come baying from afar,  
Thro' the still breeze attends the distant cry,  
And o'er the meadows turns her rolling eye:  
So still, so mute, the reverend senate sat,  
When Nestor rose from off the chair of state;  
Pois'd in his hands four large § octavos hung;  
And thus he pour'd the thunder of his tongue.

“ Careful and anxious for the public weal,  
“ I speak what grief forbids me to conceal;

\* *But known by Andreas, &c.* ]——History informs us of certain physicians of this name, from whom our hero is doubtless a lineal descendant.

† Dr. D—nc—n.

‡ Medical Commentaries.

§ First Lines, &c.



" Full well ye know impending ruin threats  
" Our laws, our customs, and our ancient feats,  
" Since, swell'd with rage, and big with mighty fame,  
" Our vaunting foe exalts aloft his name.  
" Lo! to his door what trooping students crowd,  
" Bold in his cause, and in his praises loud!  
" And now, e'en now, they stun with deaf'ning sounds,  
" And wine and whiskey every tongue resounds.  
" Ah! let us haste, ere Spasm, with languid head,  
" Beholds Excitement seated in its stead;  
" Ere these beloved tomes, brought forth with pain,  
" And drawn with trouble from my labouring brain,  
" Push'd from the shelf, their good old cause give o'er,  
" And Nestor rule o'er Pean's sons no more.  
" How long, my friends, shall sacred Justice stand,  
" And hold the lifted lightning in her hand?  
" Let wholesome counsel guide the present hour:  
" Rise, speak, resolve, while time allows the power."

He ceas'd; and straight resum'd his chair again;  
Then from his snuff-box drew the pungent grain.  
Next from the crowd two meaner members rise,  
Eager to speak, and anxious to advise:  
But Stentor rear'd aloft his awful head;  
They knew their rightful lord, and swift obey'd.  
Sternly he roll'd his glowing eyes around,  
Then from his lips broke forth a roaring sound,  
Loud as the voice the godlike doctor sends,  
When he from high his sovereign nostrums vends;  
While frolic Andrew trips with fly grimace,  
Unloads the box, and sounds his master's praise.

E

" Let



" Let others shrink with terror, what care I,  
 " Who heaven and earth, and Bruno's self defy!  
 " Can he, alas! with plain, though specious tale,  
 " O'er Phyfic's laws and Phyfic's sons prevail?  
 " What, if in arguing he exert his powers,  
 " Till pliant Rhetoric shall exhaust her stores?  
 " Say, cannot we proclaim his doctrines wrong,  
 " With louder voice, and more extent of tongue?  
 " What, if on Nature's laws he ceaseless call,  
 " And Truth, some phantom of his crazy soul?  
 " Nature shall yield to arguments like mine;  
 " Her laws be bent to aid the great design.  
 " Should this be scorn'd, our potent arm affails,  
 " And force converts where elocution fails;  
 " Sufficient will our dauntless strength be found,  
 " To hurl th' imperious boaster to the ground.  
 " There let him prate of systems if he can,  
 " When Dura-Mater feels the fierce trepan,  
 " When the stern captive mourns the hideous flaw,  
 " And the skull smoaks beneath the whirling saw."

He sat; and Paracelsus by his side,  
 Thrice strove to speak, and thrice his voice denied;  
 For at that hour, on some great work design'd,  
 Light burst resistless on his daring mind.

Machaon then: " If what my feeble voice  
 " Can dictate, yet may influence your choice,  
 " All war shall cease, and Peace, with olive wand,  
 " Yet rule our councils, and yet sway our land.  
 " Let all our friends, well-arm'd with cold disdain,  
 " Assume new courage, and conceal their pain;

" Cast



" Cast on the foe a light contemptuous eye,  
 " And throw, unread, his noisy volumes by :  
 " Let them all wrath and jealous anger wave,  
 " For fierce resistance makes the coward brave.  
 " Then shall glad students venerate the schools,  
 " And learn to profit by their master's rules."

Vers'd in the language of his native land,  
 With spectacles on nose, and aspect bland ;  
 " Yea," Galen cried, " I judge it right to dare  
 " (Unstain'd with blood) alone the wordy war.  
 " Youth, friends, is apt to err, and prone to rage ;  
 " Receive the good advice of sober age :  
 " Let Arms repose, and studious Art, meanwhile,  
 " Shall work him woe, by stratagem and guile.  
 " Know ye not what the godlike Grecian sung ;  
 " \* That mortal life is short, but art is long ?'  
 " And deem not this advice th' effect of fear,  
 " That, loud for peace, I choose not open war.  
 " Age humbles all the bold, unnerves the strong—  
 " O had ye seen this arm, when stout and young !  
 " How fierce it fought on Flandria's bloody shore,  
 " And than brave Galen none were honour'd more.  
 " The soldier's frame Herculean nought avail'd,  
 " And pills succeeded where the falchion fail'd.  
 " But here success our boasted art denies ;  
 " The pill falls harmless, vain the potion lies :  
 " Who then, unaw'd, should angry Fate command,  
 " The ruthless foe could combat hand to hand."  
 " Behold the man," undaunted Stentor cried,  
 " Whose courage oft in deeds of battle tried,

\* Vita brevis, ars longa. Hippocrates' first Aphorism.



" Unknown to coward Fear or pale Dismay,  
 " Boldly dares go where Fortune shews the way.  
 " Gods! shall great Pean's sons, a generous train,  
 " Of Chance, or Fate, or tott'ring Age complain?  
 " And now attend: by this dread blade I swear,  
 " War shall succeed, war be our only care.  
 " Nor will I cease, till in his own domain,  
 " The suppliant foe for mercy plead in vain;  
 " Till at my feet embowell'd Bruno lie,  
 " And from the land each curst adherent fly.  
 " This, my establish'd will, let none gainsay,  
 " But wait expectant for the dreadful day,  
 " And I will point the path." He furious said,  
 And from his side unsheath'd a dreadful \* blade,  
 Which at his aged grandfire's festive board,  
 Inur'd to toil, had limbs and shoulders gor'd.  
 This to his son consign'd the careful fire,  
 When, smooth'd and temper'd in the forming fire,  
 Its polish'd edge perform'd the master's will,  
 When glad occasion call'd him forth to kill;  
 And now by Stentor's royal side it gleams,  
 The dread of patients, and the death of limbs.  
 Brandish'd aloft, it flourish'd round his head,  
 And the mute senate quak'd with mortal dread;  
 Till, potent to relume the vital flame,  
 Swift to their aid † Vis Medicatrix came.

She

\* See the allusion, Homer's Iliad.

† "At all times, physicians have observed, that the animal œconomy has in itself a power  
 "or condition, by which, in many instances, it resists the injuries which threaten it—which



She, when Disease has brought the sufferer low,  
 With healing hand can bid new vigour glow.  
 Yet oft capricious, she her aid denies,  
 And quits the doleful bed where Misery lies;  
 While sage physicians, when Fate points the hour,  
 Leave the expiring patient to her power.  
 Now storming uproar shook the dome around,  
 And faints at Andrew's trembled at the sound.  
 As, with expanded wings, portending rain,  
 The clam'rous geese skim o'er the level plain;  
 So these aloud their thund'ring voices tried,  
 And hoarse Contention rung from side to side,  
 Till Nestor, with a frown, commanded peace:  
 The tumult settles, and the clamours cease.  
 " My mind, what methods dubious to pursue,  
 " Like the poiz'd balance, wavering to and fro,  
 " At length unto Machaon's voice inclines,  
 " In whose advice persuasive wisdom shines."  
 Now from the empty hall they haste away;  
 But murm'ring Stentor mourn'd the fatal day.  
 And as his leathern ears dull Balaam hangs,  
 When his tough hide the wooden cudgel bangs;  
 So, from the door, his gloomy steps he bent,  
 And pour'd incessant curses as he went.

" they called Nature; and the language of a Vis Medicatrix, or Conservatrix Naturæ, has  
 " continued in the schools of medicine from the most ancient times to the present."

FIRST LINES, &c.







T H E  
B R U N O N I A D.

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THE REVEL OF BRUNO, AND THE DIVINATION OF STENTOR.

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A R G U M E N T.

**T**HE Author's Elogy on the sublime Art of Healing—his Retrospect of the Days which are past—he describeth the nocturnal Orgies of Bruno and his Disciples—Sunrise—Stentor alarmeth his Armour-bearer with an uncommon Spectacle—the Consequence thereof—with Reflections of a serious Nature.

The Scene first at the Brethren's Tabernacle; then changeth to the Shambles and Chopping-block—The Time, a single Night and Part of the Morning.



B. R. H. M. O. V. I. A. D.

THE REV. OF THE

A. C. U. M. E. N. T.

The Bishop's ...  
... of the Day ...  
... of ... and ...  
... with ...  
... of ...  
The ... of the ...  
... and ...  
Part of the ...



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T H E  
B R U N O N I A D.

---

C A N T O III.

WHEN shall the leopard change his spotted skin?  
Or the pure lotion wash the Æthiop clean?  
Ah! when shall age enjoy the bloom of youth?  
Or when shall Physic stoop to relish truth?  
How have her godlike sons, with daring mind,  
Fact unto fact, to system system join'd!  
Thro' the long lapse of each revolving age,  
What bold invention fill'd the endless page!  
Sense, at the learned labour, sat and smil'd;  
And frighted Reason from the scene recoil'd.  
But happy they, 'neath brazen front secure,  
And souls which each hard action could endure.  
Pleas'd to destroy, did ever pale Disease  
Dim the weak lamp of life by slow degrees,  
To the dark bed the man of wisdom ran,  
And quickly finish'd what the fiend began;  
F While



While sad survivors curb'd their rising woe,  
And wond'ring saw what mortal man could do.

Now, glorious Pean, from thy throne behold,  
Free from alloy, a second age of gold.

\* Truth in her thousand-colour'd vest appears,  
And shakes affronted Error by the ears;  
With glance excursive gaze the region o'er,  
And bid the grumbling sceptic doubt no more.  
Bright as thy fane the splendid shop survey;  
How the huge bottles blaze along the way!  
Nostrum on nostrum heap'd, and jar on jar!  
From scenes like these can Health be absent far?  
With hopes less sanguine than th' alchymist's dreams,  
The retort glitters, and the furnace flames.

† Hark! Reformation shouts with angry mien,  
" Keep pure your vials and your mortars clean;  
" Scour the brown rust from off your fordid stills,  
" Make smooth your boluses, and round your pills.  
" Exil'd from home, let ancient titles fly  
" To that dark grave where ruin'd systems lie.  
" While lengthen'd syllables, with haughty pride,  
" Fill the broad page, and spread from side to side,  
" From brazen lungs the thund'ring notes resound,  
" And stun the wond'ring multitude with sound."

Ye brave associates in the thorny maze,  
When toilsome study fill'd my youthful days;

\* "Nudaque veritas."—HORACE. Probably Truth may wander about naked in the warm regions of Italy; but the faculty in our Northern climates, to prevent coughs and catarrhs, have provided her with the many-coloured vest here described.

† The New Dispensatory.



While yet my lisping muse, untaught to sing,  
Had scarce a feather in her unfledg'd wing;  
True faithful pupils of your glorious fire,  
Now 'scap'd victorious thro' the trying fire,  
O! let the breath of your ascending praise  
Conspire to animate my feeble lays;  
One small, small portion of that lib'ral soul,  
Which shone refulgent round the flowing bowl,  
When each, admiring, gaz'd with cheerful mien,  
And deeds of heroes fill'd the crowded scene.  
Here the bright maid, in all her pomp of charms,  
Allur'd the melting lover to her arms;  
While, by the penetrating moisture fed,  
The bubo ripen'd, and the chancre spread.  
There, seam'd with honourable scars, threescore,  
Which, like a champion, on his front he bore,  
Fresh for the war, young Damon came again,  
Lopt of his nose, to Cytherea's fane.  
Now, nobler deeds your great attention claim,  
And actions worthy of immortal fame.  
Rouse then, and listen to the tuneful string,  
For 'tis your matchless master that I sing.

Once had the sun's refulgent orb retir'd,  
Since bold debate the ardent senate fir'd;  
And once, forth issuing from the purple main,  
Unwearied run his daily round again:  
Dark was the night, and o'er the silent globe  
The power of slumbers wav'd his fable robe;  
The full-gorg'd alderman, in deep repose,  
Pip'd the hoarse sonnet thro' his Roman nose.



Majestic Bruno, by no sleep subdued,  
Sat, with Oporto's purple juice imbrued :  
His faithful followers by his awful side,  
To their drench'd lips the lordly bowl applied :  
Each blissful stimulus the banquet stor'd,  
And potent opium overspread the board.  
High in his chair, distinguish'd o'er the rest,  
He rear'd the vast expansion of his breast ;  
Borne on the tapering staff, above his head,  
Her shadowing plume the \* Roman eagle spread.  
His ponderous snuff-box of no common size,  
Heap'd to the summit, blest his dazzled eyes :  
His nose refulgent as the Dog-star's rays,  
And the dim candle mingled blaze with blaze.  
With floods of wine the table floated o'er,  
And the smash'd glass lay scatter'd o'er the floor.  
Thus in his royal chair imperial Jove  
Shines 'mid the circle of the gods above ;  
While the strong fumes cloud busy Vulcan's head,  
And Mars usurping fills the cuckold's bed.  
Now the bold hero issues his command,  
And the large goblet glitters in his hand.  
As round the pool on Norway's rocky shore,  
Drawn by its whirl, the giddy waters roar,  
When the big whale is hurried from his course,  
And e'en the Kraken feels attraction's force :  
So to a chasm, most horrible to view,  
Near and more near the trembling liquor drew ;

\* Ensign of a Freemason's lodge, of which he was master.



Till buried in the gulph obscure it glides,  
 And the stretch'd stomach swells beneath the tides.  
 All, by the great example fir'd, prepare  
 In plenteous draughts to drown intruding care ;  
 Till each spontaneous tried his tuneful tongue,  
 And glad conspir'd to raise the gen'ral song.  
 Charm'd Music hover'd o'er th' enraptur'd train,  
 And thus melodious ran the solemn strain :

" To thee, whose dictates soften human woes,  
 " The grateful tribute of our praises flows ;  
 " To thee, whose hands dissolv'd the slavish yoke,  
 " And the strong bonds of wild opinion broke.  
 " Thy mighty arm secure retreat affords,  
 " From hideous systems, and the war of words.  
 " 'Twas thine alone, impell'd to glorious acts,  
 " To methodize the wilderness of facts.  
 " Hail ! Bruno, hail ! whose soul, supremely bright,  
 " Bursts thro' the horrors of barbaric night.  
 " At the quick glance of thy discerning eye,  
 " See from his cave the startled sophist fly.  
 " Hence, when professors moulder in the tomb,  
 " And black Oblivion spreads her hateful gloom ;  
 " When their large folios, scorn'd by angry Fate,  
 " Prest in the sinking scale, are sold by weight,  
 " Or, drawn reluctant from their seats of ease,  
 " \* In the full market fold the lumpish cheese ;  
 " Thy honour'd name o'er earth shall flourish far,  
 " The boast of mortal man, the boreal star."

\* Deferar in vicum vendentem thus, et odores,  
 Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.—HOR.



Of power to touch the soul, the tuneful quoir  
 Rous'd the red master from his easy chair;  
 Resplendent glory dawn'd around his brows,  
 And his eye brighten'd, and his courage rose.  
 Then thus: "Ye minstrels, whose enchanting lays  
 " Claim the warm tribute of our highest praise,  
 " Lays which might lull arthritic pangs to rest,  
 " Or sooth the storm in Stentor's troubled breast:  
 " While sounds like these salute the ravish'd ear,  
 " What mortal force shall check our bold career?  
 " Now let our foes, all impotent of mind,  
 " For want of action, whistle to the wind;  
 " Or, when the struggling patient waits his doom,  
 " Prescribe their Album-Græcum safe at home;  
 " While we serene superior honours claim,  
 " And toil unceasing for the wreath of Fame.  
 " And lo! capacious smiles the flowing bowl,  
 " To cheer the weak, and raise th' aspiring soul.  
 " 'Tis this in heroes breathes the martial fire,  
 " This strung the Grecian, this th' Ausonian lyre.  
 " Curst be the man, who, anxious for a fee,  
 " Would tamely from the midnight revel flee.  
 " May he, condemn'd in Erebus to roar,  
 " Ne'er taste a cordial drop of whiskey more:  
 " May rough cathartics every entrail drain,  
 " And smarting blisters give unceasing pain:  
 " May he, (O! for a glorious curse to suit,  
 " That shadow of a man, that more than brute!)  
 " Condemn'd, unpitied, for whole ages pore,  
 " Page after page, all ——s's volumes o'er."

Grimly



Grimly he spoke, and, terrible to view,  
The crashing table with his foot o'erthrew.  
Quick from their seats th' alarm'd associates sprang,  
Wide o'er the floor the rattling glasses rang.  
Fast flow'd the deluge from the broken bowl,  
And round the room the tumbling bottles roll.  
He 'midst the scene of dire destruction stood,  
And gaz'd exulting on the copious flood ;  
Then thro' the torrent stalk'd with spacious stride,  
While to his shouts th' obstrep'rous train replied.  
But by degrees the powerful fume prevail'd,  
Dull reason droop'd, the swimming senses fail'd.  
With trembling limbs they stagger'd round and round,  
Till each by each lay prostrate on the ground :  
All but their lord, who, jocund still and gay,  
Beheld his silent flock, and march'd away.

Meantime, high-blazing o'er the mountain's brows,  
The purple sun in gorgeous splendour rose :  
Smooth skim the sea-fowl o'er the misty main,  
And loud the plowman whistles o'er the plain ;  
While dreaming \* Fyffe the gift of slumber shares,  
And plans dissections for succeeding years.

But 'neath his window, whilst he snor'd profound,  
From lungs Stentorian came a dreadful sound.  
" Rise," cried the voice, " from bed of feathers leap :  
" When wars impend can senseless mortals sleep ?"  
Rob'd in an instant, he delays no more,  
Descends the stairs, and opes th' unfolding door ;

\* Mr. Fyffe, dissector to the University.



When sternly fronting his astonish'd face  
 Stood the grim monarch of the butchering race :  
 Drawn by a cord, which round the leg was tied,  
 A brawny porker grunted by his side.  
 Fyffe, with amaze, th' uncommon sight beholds :  
 His purpose thus th' assiduous lord unfolds.  
 " Thine be th' important charge, whilst here I wait,  
 " Quick to prepare the instruments of fate.  
 " Behold this grovelling beast, whose fleeting life  
 " Lies a pale victim to my searching knife :  
 " With dext'rous gash I'll lay his entrails bare,  
 " And bid th' events of future days appear.  
 " Useful the task, thus provident we find,  
 " Food for the body, knowledge for the mind.  
 " Yet Bruno triumphs, and, in spite of laws,  
 " Erects his banner 'gainst the common cause ;  
 " While the weak senate hope success to gain,  
 " Their only arms, contempt and cold disdain.  
 " Then shall I labour still from morn to night,  
 " Rack all my senses, strain my aching sight ;  
 " My sole reward, my counsels disobey'd,  
 " My actions thwarted, and my will gainsaid !  
 " I cannot brook it : my indignant soul  
 " Broils at the thought, and spurns at all controul :  
 " March !" At the word, the faithful servant flew,  
 Op'd the wide \* dome, and brought the block to view.  
 Close by appear'd the academic chair,  
 Where Stentor's lordly bum, for many a year,

\* The Anatomical Theatre.



Preſt the ſoft cuſhion, while his tuneful tongue  
Of chyle, and blood, and bland ſecretion fung.  
Now ſcreams the reſtive beaſt with hideous roar ;  
Behind one urges, and one drags before.  
Clasp'd in their graſping arms, they tug, they ſtrain,  
And heave him on the ponderous log with pain.  
At length, ſupine, he rolls his fiery eyes,  
Strives with his bonds, and every effort tries.  
Silent, the great Haruſpex looks around,  
Revolves the work, and plans the future wound.  
Now, in his hand, the brandiſh'd iron gleams,  
And the blood trickles in meand'ring ſtreams.  
Stedfaſt, he ſtill proceeds with cautious care,  
Removes the ſkin, and lays the muſcles bare ;  
But, mad with pain, impatient of his yoke,  
The ſtruggling victim all his fetters broke ;  
Plung'd from the block, and with unbounded force  
O'erturn'd great Stentor in his furious courſe.  
At the dire ſcene, with trembling fear inſpir'd,  
Quick from his proſtrate lord, pale Fyffe retir'd.  
He, when from ſight the wounded pris'ner fled,  
As rous'd from ſleep, uprais'd his aching head :  
Afflicted ſenſe the bitter bruife bewail'd,  
And doubt and fear his anxious ſoul affail'd.  
Then, from the ſcene, his ling'ring ſteps he turn'd,  
And, as he paſt, th' unprosperous omen mourn'd.  
Strange power of fancy ! whoſe enchanting hand  
Can rouse the paſſions, and the ſoul command.  
Impatient man, by curious impulſe driven,  
Still burns to pierce the dark decrees of Heaven ;

G

While



While, nunciates true of pleasure and of pain,  
Hope and pale Fear lead on their various train.  
They spread the motley vision forth to view,  
Assenting Reason looks, and owns it true:  
Fear, whose sad forms in dread succession rise,  
And frown incessant on the man of vice:  
Hope, whose mild eye looks on to future years,  
Aids the opprest, the drooping prisoner cheers;  
Whose angel voice can still the storm within,  
Awake belief, and wash the foulest clean.

Hence, when, august, the modern man of God  
Walks in the paths which never patriarch trod,  
Loud and vociferous, proves his call divine  
By strong mundungus, and enlivening wine;  
Hope displays scenes where purest pleasures wait,  
And kindly opens Peter's peaceful gate.  
The hoary wretch sits brooding o'er his store,  
And hopes to count it many a season more.  
The heir, half ruin'd by th' unlucky game,  
Hopes, by the next, his fortune to reclaim.  
The man of honour, whose audacious steel  
Stabs his best friend, sincerely hopes no ill.  
The doctor grave, by aiding pale disease,  
Hopes for returning vigour, hopes for fees.



THE  
B R U N O N I A D.

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THE ACTS OF DISCORD.

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ARGUMENT.

THE Poet giveth a Glimpse of the Academy of Logomachians, and their tutelar Saint, who quitteth the Synod upon an Expedition of Importance.—She exasperateth the Sons of Pean into tenfold Rage.—The Intercourse of Nestor and Andreas, whose Oration precipitateth the Senior into a Deliquium Animi.—

The Scene lieth first at the Academy—then removeth a few Degrees to the North.—The Time, half a Day.



THE ACTS OF 1850

THE ACTS OF 1850

THE ACTS OF 1850

The first of the Acts of 1850 was the Fugitive Slave Act, which provided for the apprehension and return of fugitive slaves to their owners. This act was highly controversial, as it required citizens to assist in the capture of slaves, even if they were not slaveholders themselves. The act also provided for the punishment of anyone who aided a fugitive slave.

The second act was the Anti-Slavery Act, which prohibited the importation of slaves from foreign countries. This act was a significant step towards the abolition of the transatlantic slave trade.

The third act was the Act to Amend the Act in Relation to the Fugitive Slave, which made it easier for slaveholders to recover their property if it was stolen. This act was also controversial, as it was seen as a measure to protect the interests of slaveholders.

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T H E  
B R U N O N I A D.

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C A N T O IV.

CLOSE to the peopled shore, where foaming Thames,  
In solemn grandeur, rolls his fruitful streams,  
Its towering length the stately column rears,  
And all the pomp of Billingsgate appears:  
Immortal mart! whose ever-fam'd domain  
Shines with the tenants of the boundless main;  
Immortal mart! whose powerful voice can call  
Augusta's judges from the crowded hall,  
Where, thron'd superb, they sit in solemn state,  
And nod, unconscious of the long debate.  
Around thy courts the watery Naiads throng,  
And each, melodious, tries her tuneful tongue;  
While dauntless Trulla o'er the busy scene,  
Like Africk's lion, rears her angry mien.  
Then the grim boatman, all besmear'd with blood,  
Shouts loud damnation from the swelling flood;

The



The boist'rous curse his angry mate returns,  
 And rous'd anew the raging combat burns.  
 To the glad fight the thronging porters crowd;  
 Wedg'd in the press the butcher shouts aloud;  
 Wide and more wide the maddening fury glows,  
 And the tide streams from many a purple nose:  
 While, as the rattling thunder hoarse and strong,  
 Roars the eternal turbulence of tongue.  
 To aid the tumult, with unwearied care,  
 A form portentous hovers in the air;  
 Demon of Discord! whose tempestuous hand  
 No prayers can vanquish, and no force withstand.  
 Terrific shines her giant bulk reveal'd,  
 Half plain to view, in tempests half conceal'd,  
 Unseen; save when her breath's sulphureous light,  
 Like Etna's caverns, bursts the gloom of night.  
 Wide o'er the land her glowing eyes she turn'd;  
 The fiery orbs like angry meteors burn'd:  
 She saw all ranks submissive to her sway,  
 Saw even the church her great behests obey;  
 The devotee her warmest influence feel,  
 And pulpits ring with one eternal peal.  
 Then far to Scotia shot her horrid glare,  
 While all her conscious mountains quak'd with fear.  
 There 'mongst the chiefs of Pean's learned school  
 She saw, exulting, wild Dissension rule.  
 Rous'd at the view, aloft in air she sprung;  
 Loud at her voice th' affrighted city rung;  
 Then in the whirlwind's awful gloom conceal'd,  
 Through the drear waste the dreadful demon sail'd;

Wide



Wide o'er the land her sanguine garment threw,  
And drooping Nature sicken'd at the view.  
Northumbria's spacious plains she pass'd with speed,  
Swept the long tract, and cross'd the foaming Tweed;  
And gave at length her wearied wings repose,  
Where lofty Arthur nods his hoary brows;  
There, rais'd aloft, survey'd the vast campaign,  
Th' expanded city, and the distant main;  
Then from the summit wing'd her airy way,  
And sought the dome where aged Nestor lay.  
Him, rob'd in fable, in his chair she found,  
While all the list'ning audience throng'd around,  
Lost in the vast profundity of thought;  
Each ear attentive to the rules he taught.  
His daring mind the welcome theme reviews,  
How haggard \* Febris her attacks renews;  
Her batter'd fort how Nature guards with care,  
Expels the fury, and awakes the war;  
Till in sad hour, desponding and afraid,  
She quits the doubtful field, and calls for aid.  
His boist'rous force then stern Emetic tries,  
His comrade cheers, and to the combat flies;  
Whilst fly Cathartic, in the dome below,  
Aims a dark blow, and struggles with the foe;  
And Bark, dread warrior! when the battle's o'er,  
By his strong ramparts makes the conquest sure:  
Fix'd for a while the wond'ring hag remain'd;  
Her cause forgotten, and her wrath restrain'd:

\* See the note in the 1st Canto: "Upon the whole, our doctrine of Fever is this," &c.



But ah! my Nestor, nought thy charms avail;  
Thy sweet digressions from thy well told tale:  
Poiz'd o'er thy head, her shadowing wings she spreads,  
And through thy breast her gliding venom sheds:  
Quick to thy cheek the blood impetuous flows,  
And thy bright eye with rage unwonted glows.  
The deed perform'd, away the demon flies,  
To where great Galen's secret mansion lies.  
Ah! how wast thou employ'd that awful day!  
Thy soul subdued by Pleasure's magic sway.  
Thy thoughts entranc'd—Audacious Muse, forbear  
To utter more than mortal man may hear.  
All joys, illustrious sage, must have an end:  
See o'er thy couch the glowing fury bend:  
At her strong voice the scenes of bliss retire,  
And deeds of vengeance all thy bosom fire.  
On Andreas next her ruthless rage she deals;  
The rising spirit then Machaon feels:  
But with bright features of vermilion hue,  
Grim Stentor stalks most terrible to view;  
From his rais'd foot the pale domestics fly,  
And the clench'd fist descending from on high;  
Impell'd along from room to room he scours,  
Bursts the strong bolts, and drives the clashing doors.  
As the bold bull-dog, with tumultuous cries,  
From place to place with matchless fury flies,  
When the blown bladder fastens to his tail,  
Whose hollow womb tremendous pebbles fill,  
Now here, now there, he scampers through the streets,  
While thick behind the hideous rattle beats.

Andreas,



Andreas, impatient for the martial plain,  
 Can scarce the fury of his arm restrain;  
 With beaver proud he shades his angry brows,  
 And swift to Nestor's honour'd mansion goes.  
 He opes the door, ascends the winding stair,  
 Salutes the sage, and takes the easy chair.

\* Sullen they gaze; the silence Nestor breaks,  
 And his wig trembles as the monarch speaks.

† " Why boast we, Andreas, our exalted place,  
 " Th' illustrious chiefs of Pean's noble race?  
 " Unfetter'd, why should our imperious will  
 " Enjoy the great prerogative to kill?  
 " Why, in the costly banquet raised on high,  
 " Smoke the Scotch-collops and the giblet-pye—  
 " If worthy deeds no equal honours claim,  
 " And perils raise us in the lists of fame?  
 " All thoughts of peace my anxious soul foregoes;  
 " I burn, I burn, to meet the raging foes;  
 " That chief and foremost in the dangerous fray,  
 " Pleas'd at the fight, applauding youths may say,  
 " Deserving are our lords in sacred ease,  
 " Sublime to triumph in the richest fees,  
 " Arm'd cap-a-pee, since thus they nobly dare,  
 " And great in action brave the van of war.  
 " Andreas, could all the vigilance of age  
 " 'Scape the dire potion, or the lancet's rage,  
 " Lull'd in eternal indolence I'd snore,  
 " Break the huge inkhorn, and prescribe no more:

\* See Homer, book xxii.

† See Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus, Iliad, xii.



" But since, the toil of droning study past,  
 " Death's tutor'd minister must come at last;  
 " Our names above the abject crowd we'll raise,  
 " And crown our labours with immortal praise."  
 " Dear to our soul," th' associate swift returns,  
 " To hear thee speak our glowing bosom burns;  
 " Sweet to our sense descends thy honied strain,  
 " Smooth as the current from the spouting vein.  
 " Yet will our sovereign lend a patient ear;  
 " War's furious toils it suits not age to share.  
 " 'Tis ours alone, while youth beats high, to go,  
 " And bear our thunder on the prostrate foe;  
 " Already doom'd the cheerless world to roam,  
 " Expell'd, and exil'd from the \* annual tome.  
 " Aw'd by our valour, Jones † enjoy'd not long  
 " The wild and shameless privilege of tongue.  
 " Yet then remains to draw the conquering sword;  
 " The servant humbled, to attack the lord;  
 " Nor longer let the vagrant refuge seek,  
 " In hideous Latin, and terrific Greek:  
 " But, hurl'd indignant, search his rustic home,  
 " ‡ To push the shuttle, and direct the loom."  
 " Andreas, my child," the hoary sage replies,  
 (While kind displeasure sparkles in his eyes)

\* Medical Commentaries, an useful and valuable work, comprehending an account of the various medical publications, and news, during the year; but where our hero hath never appeared that we know of, excepting the bare mention of him in the last volume.

† See Jones's Enquiry into the State of Medicine.

‡ See the Epistle to Dr. Jones, where this sarcasm is to be found.



"Heav'n, in its dispensations always right,  
"Its deep intents conceals from mortal sight,  
"The generous mind to manual toil resigns,  
"Where genius brightens, and where judgment shines:  
"But soon the lion shakes his brindled mane,  
"And stalks the monarch of the subject plain.  
"Grant then our foe, submissive to his doom,  
"Be the lone tenant of his narrow home.  
"O'er the tall forest is the scion grown,  
"Great is the rise, the merit is his own.  
"Oft is the hero's future fortune laid,  
"Veil'd in the deep obscurity of shade:  
"Thus Rome's great fire, in poverty's low vale,  
"Suck'd the she-wolf, and shar'd the shepherd's meal.  
"'Twas thus her Tully, o'er the crowded scene,  
"Rais'd in full splendour his majestic mien,  
"While the shock'd rostrum trembled at his strain,  
"And helmed heroes dropt the tear humane."

As thus he speaks, a spark of conscious shame  
O'er Andreas' front diffus'd the rising flame.  
Thus, when sly renard, for his meal prepar'd,  
Eyes the fat poultry in the farmer's yard,  
If by the watchful hind his steps be seen,  
Alarm'd he scowls, and trips the shaven green;  
Twitch'd is his tail, his eyes retorted roll,  
And speak the mournful mischief of his soul:  
So the sad hero wail'd his humbled pride,  
Oft wish'd to speak, and oft his lips denied;  
His stammering tongue its cumbrous message tells,  
In strings of lonely monosyllables.



At length renew'd his wonted vigour glows,  
 And swift the torrent of his language flows.  
 But ah! th' unpleasing theme is left behind,  
 And different topics fire his active mind.  
 All bright he paints a scene august and grand,  
 And sings the wonders of his own right hand.  
 Sagely he tells how Apoplexy snor'd,  
 Her limpid stream how Diabetes pour'd;  
 Then winds the hackney'd subject round and round,  
 With all the sweet inanity of sound.  
 Fair in the speech immortal Senna blaz'd,  
 His tuneful voice renown'd Columbo prais'd;  
 Here Pus and Mucus travel side by side,  
 There Nitre cool dilutes the purple tide;  
 While Aqua Pura flows in plenteous stream,  
 To thin the gruel, and abate the flame.

Thus, thro' the labyrinth secure he ran,  
 And nobly ended where he first began;  
 With studied art then swell'd the final clause,  
 And anxious waited for the due applause.

In vain—great Nestor, thine unconscious ear,  
 Lull'd to repose, refus'd the bliss to share.  
 'Twas calm as death, insensible to pain;  
 Even thundering \* Murray might have roar'd in vain.  
 Then hope not, Andreas, sweet access to find,  
 Through the charm'd organ, to the list'ning mind.

\* Mr. Murray the Bookseller, with whom, it is reported, he had a sharp dispute for some time.



Reserve, reserve, till better times prevail,  
Thy strange, thy long, thy ineffectual tale.  
Let not thy periods, like a fruitless prayer,  
Roam, unregarded, through the waste of air.  
Thy smooth oration till to-morrow keep,  
For lo! thy sovereign lies—How? Fast asleep.



Relative to time, all power is given,  
 My finger how long, my mother's hand  
 I do not think of now, like a mother's prayer,  
 Room, unobscured, through the walls of air.  
 Thy finger on the till to-morrow keep,  
 For lo! thy finger is - now! But sleep.



T H E  
B R U N O N I A D.

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T H E G E N E R A L E N G A G E M E N T.

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A R G U M E N T.

AN Apology to the Critic—Nestor is roused from his Deliquium Animi by the tumultuous Approach of the Brotherhood—Stentor maketh a notable Oration to excite them to Bloodshed, which is applauded by Nestor, who prescribeth, before the Onset, a diffusible Stimulus—the Author's Encomium thereon—his Description of the grand Jubilee, which is disturbed by the Clangor of an hostile Tongue, which is succeeded by an Engagement depicted in classical Colours.

The Scene first at Nestor's Mansion, from whence it emigrateth to the Campus Martius.—The Time, a single Evening.







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THE  
B R U N N O N I A D.

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C A N T O V.

“ **Z**OUNDS!” cries the critic, with indignant stare,  
“ Asleep! when Discord fierce impels to war!  
“ When fervent passion fires the human frame,  
“ The lawless storm can gentle slumbers tame?  
“ Search Nature’s scenes, her simple paths explore,  
“ Then teach your drowsy hero when to snore.  
“ Lull’d in oblivion let the monarch rest,  
“ When the smooth stream glides easy thro’ the breast;  
“ When rous’d to action, let him boldly rage,  
“ And storm tempestuous o’er the thund’ring stage;  
“ Else ’tis the airy meteor’s gilded beam,  
“ ’Tis the fool’s fancy, ’tis the poet’s dream.”  
O! thou dread sovereign of my subject soul!  
Whose lurid frowns can every thought controul;  
Whose ruling hand the pond’rous rod sustains,  
To guide th’ historian’s or the poet’s strains;

I

Yet



Yet stay; nor shall I dare detain thee long,  
 In the grave mazes of my solemn song;  
 Yet to a bard incline thine awful ear,  
 A bard, who, high amid the desert air,  
 In the drear garret pens his lonely strain,  
 While the wind whistles thro' the broken pane:  
 Alarm'd, who dreads thy fury to withstand,  
 And the quill totters in his trembling hand.

Surely the soul, when frantic passion warms,  
 When rage expands her, or when fear alarms,  
 Tir'd by the shock, and harass'd by the pain,  
 Sinks, the huge load unable to sustain;  
 Then timely sleep succeeds to watchful cares,  
 Renews the spirits, and the strength repairs.

Search then the chequer'd paths of life, to find  
 If facts confirm what theory hath coin'd.

Full well thou know'st (since thou hast ponder'd o'er  
 Wisdom, and truth, in tomes of ancient lore;  
 Since wide the streams of sacred knowledge spread,  
 In the large orb of thy omniscient head)  
 \*When Philip's son, on Persia's hostile shore,  
 His brandish'd falchion bath'd in purple gore,  
 What time, the long contested war to close,  
 The last, the great decisive morn arose.  
 Dire was the view of far-extended fields,  
 Throng'd with the millions of embattled shields;  
 And o'er the plain the deaf'ning clamour roll'd,  
 When the sun ting'd the eastern clouds with gold.

\* See Quintus Curtius, lib. iv.



The battle calls ; while he whose sanguine blade  
Still 'mongst the foremost always shone display'd,  
Long, long distrest with cogitation deep,  
Stretch'd on his couch, enjoy'd the gift of sleep.  
Oh heavens, asleep ! tho' high the tumult rose,  
And Persia's crown hung tottering o'er his brows !  
Say then, why, in the whirl of thought employ'd,  
Should sleep to Pean's hero be denied ?  
Say rather, how he could resist so long,

Lull'd by the music of his Andreas' tongue ?  
And say, O Muse ! since thou alone canst tell,  
To break the pleasing charm what next befel ?

While Nestor's horn sonorous echoed wide,  
And Andreas pip'd concordant by his side ;  
What time the evening sun, descending low,  
But faintly glimmer'd o'er the waste of snow ;  
The brazen rapper, with tremendous roar,  
In peals on peals resounded on the door.

Sudden they woke, and, starting from their seat,  
Hear'd the stairs thunder with unnumber'd feet.

" This night he falls," a voice tempestuous cried ;

" This night he falls," the stair-case loud replied.

Near and more near the doubling echoes came,

And Stentor enter'd with his eyes on flame :

Machaon, Paracelsus, next appear,

And sober Galen last brought up the rear :

Then thus, while smooth he strok'd his double chin,

Began the master of the portly mien :

" Sweet to physicians are the noxious gales,

" When patients sicken, and disease prevails :



" But sweet, ah doubly sweet! th' ecstatic charm,  
 " To plunge the lancet in a rich man's arm :  
 " But to physicians not so sweet the gales,  
 " When patients sicken, and disease prevails,  
 " As when together kindred souls combine ;  
 " As to my bosom such a soul as thine.  
 " Yes, to the war together will we go,  
 " Lift the red arm, and echo blow for blow.  
 " This is the eve when students, void of care,  
 " Jocund and blithe, the annual feast prepare ;  
 " Where, smear'd with wine, and honour'd o'er the rest,  
 " Bruno attends, an ever-welcome guest :  
 " Round to his health the ready bumpers fly ;  
 " They sing, they shout, and college-rules defy.  
 " Rise then, our fire, at this auspicious hour,  
 " While Glory calls, and Fate allows the power :  
 " Rise at the voice, thy pristine strength recal ;  
 " Attend thy sons to conquer, or to fall."

He ceas'd, exulting in the work design'd :  
 The chief of Pean's godlike race rejoin'd.

" Well hast thou counsell'd, and thy prudent will  
 " A secret something prompts me to fulfil :  
 " But, yet a while suppress thy bold desires,  
 " Let Reason dictate what herself inspires.  
 " She tells me wine, with elevating charm,  
 " With tenfold vigour fills the stoutest arm ;  
 " And plenteous jars my ample vaults produce,  
 " Bright as the purest poppy's purple juice ;  
 " Jars which young Florio, grateful presents, gave,  
 " Soon as his fire lay mouldering in the grave.

" These



" These welcome premiums for the gilded pill,  
 " Sprung from great acts, shall lead to greater still.  
 " How then, my Stentor, will that brawny hand  
 " Deal round destruction to the hostile band ;  
 " That dext'rous hand, which with officious care  
 " Can wield the \* gorget, and the sharp trocar !"

Gayly he spoke, and, instant at the word,  
 The juice nectareous glitter'd on the board.  
 Each face, by powerful sympathy inspir'd,  
 Beam'd on the glass, with cheerful smiles attir'd :

Ev'n Galen smerk'd the pleasing boon to see,  
 And smack'd his cherry lips with muckle glee.  
 The foaming goblet Nestor rais'd in air,  
 And thus to Pean pour'd his suppliant prayer :

" Sire of our art, by whom auspicious led,  
 " We live, we move, and gain our daily bread ;  
 " When danger hovers, unto thee we call,  
 " Oh ! aid our efforts, help us, or we fall :  
 " Sons from thy courts an upstart vagrant draws ;  
 " He scorns thy precepts, and contemns thy laws.  
 " Aid us, great Pean, for resolv'd we go  
 " T' assert thy rights, and lay the boaster low."

As æther swift the supplication flies,  
 But roams unnotic'd thro' the ambient skies.

† Amen, cries Stentor with stupendous voice,  
 Amen, assenting Galen quick replies ;  
 Soft drops the sound from Paracelsus' tongue ;  
 Amen, from Andreas' shrill-ton'd larynx rung :

\* Surgical instruments.

† See the Dunciad, end of the 1st Canto.



## THE BRUNONIAD:

Cross Cowgate swift the hollow murmur ran,  
And the old college echoed back Amen.

Now each by each his earnest labours plies,  
And the glass circles, and their spirits rise:  
No anxious doubts their zealous ardour tame;  
No thoughts of danger quench the thirst of fame.

All-conquering Stimulus! thy powerful aid  
From pensive grief dispels th' impending shade:  
'Tis thine alone to calm the struggling breath,  
And snatch the victim from the bed of death;  
'Tis thine the fairy vision to impart,  
Raise the rapt soul, expand the generous heart,  
The poet's rage, the painter's bold design,  
All, all, immortal Stimulus, are thine.

Meantime to \*Dunn's the thronging youths repair,  
And loud in mirth the jocund banquet share:  
Annual they thus support their blemish'd name,  
And wash, in floods of port, their sullied fame;  
For evil tongues, by no remorse controll'd,  
To blast their credit impious falsehoods told;  
Wide o'er the town the flying rumour bore,  
Of wandering heroes from Hibernia's shore,  
Who, scorning justice, and inur'd to fight,  
Smash'd the bright lamp amid the gloom of night;

\* Dunn's hotel, in the New Town. It has been a custom for some years, among the students, to have an annual feast, about Christmas, for the reason given in our Poem. The Irish gentlemen, from their well-known volatility of disposition, being frequently engaged in nocturnal brawls and quarrels, had, at length, raised their fame to such a pitch, that when any mischief was done in the city, where the author was concealed, the load generally came to be clapt upon their shoulders.

While



While thick surrounded by the host of foes,  
Defenceless Sawney mourn'd his bloody nose.  
O race immaculate ! that Envy's ire  
To stain your spotless souls should thus aspire :  
But you secure can scorn the treach'rous wiles,  
While, calm and clear, untroubled conscience smiles.

Now in the West the sun's bright radiance fades,  
And Night ascending spreads her dusky shades ;  
While wide around the flaming tapers blaze,  
And polish'd plates reflect the dazzling rays :  
Quick round the board the ready waiters spring,  
And in long row the smoking dishes bring.  
Here shines confeit whate'er kind Nature yields  
From the green ocean, or the sportive fields ;  
On the rapt eye in ample order rise  
Mountains of custards, magazines of pies :  
While Gallic art, like Circe's wand of yore,  
Transforms each victim with unbounded power.

Nor thou whose might Herculean nought can quell,  
Whom few can equal, and whom none excel ;  
Nor thou, great Bruno, 'mid the splendid feast,  
Deem thy unerring taste consulted least :  
For lo ! whose charms can banish dull repose,  
Renown'd Falernum on the side-board glows.

Nor thou, brave Sawney, whom the Muses fire,  
Art thou less worthy of the Muses' lyre :  
Yes, she shall sing thy unexampled worth,  
And raise thy glory o'er the sons of earth :  
Yes, she shall sing thy pipe's melodious charm,  
How the bag swell'd beneath thy rising arm.

Thou



Thou sang'st of deeds perform'd in days of yore,  
 The meed of worth when high-plum'd valour bore;  
 Greatest of men, how godlike Arthur shone,  
 His table fill'd with chiefs of high renown;  
 And how sad brothers in the desperate fray  
 With hostile banners fought the summer's day!  
 But ah! sweet minstrel, cease thy tuneful care,  
 And dread the fury of impending war.  
 Rise, fond associates, from the banquet rise,  
 Nor taste the bliss relentless Fate denies:  
 Forbear, forbear, to touch the sweet repast;  
 Lost are your pleasures, lost the jovial feast.  
 For lo! he comes to scatter deep dismay;  
 The lord of battle speeds his vengeful way;  
 He o'er whose soul no tender sounds prevail,  
 Deaf to th' afflicted patient's piteous wail:  
 He groans, Edina echoes to his groan;  
 He frowns, and Nature darkens at his frown:  
 Fierce as he strides, he withers all the street,  
 And the ground smokes beneath his thundering feet.

Ope flew the door, the sounding hinges jarr'd,  
 And grim as Death the stern Professor glar'd.

As when some wretch the sultry region treads,  
 Where Nile irriguous laves the laughing meads;  
 If chance, as patient still he labours on,  
 And sweats and pants beneath the fervid sun,  
 The hungry crocodile, athirst for blood,  
 Rears his huge visage from the parting flood;  
 Aghast he stands, benumb'd with chilling fear,  
 His limbs all trembling, and erect his hair:

So,



So, mute with dread, the silent crowd appear'd,  
Awed by the presence of the man they fear'd :  
Pale, as when dark professors point the door,  
And doom to study for a season more.  
Ev'n Bruno shook, as thus, with ruddy face,  
Loud Stentor bellow'd from his lungs of brass.  
" Base herd of fools ! the scandal, and disgrace,  
" Of sacred Pean, and his godlike race ;  
" Villains, whose grovelling souls, debas'd by sin,  
" Are sordid as the clods which wrap them in :  
" Is it a time, when study calls away,  
" To gorge with wine those tenements of clay ?  
" Hence, to your homes, nor let me find you more,  
" On the curst confines of this hated floor.  
" And thou, grim monster, foremost midst the cries  
" Of lawless riot, and tumultuous noise,  
" Avaunt ! while yet our boundless rage affords,  
" And learn obedience to thy lawful lords."  
He ceas'd, when furious from his lofty seat  
Bruno arose, majestically great ;  
Fierce on his front the blazing lustre shone,  
Like the red meteor, or th' autumnal moon ;  
As Mars he stood, tremendous in his ire,  
And each carbuncle glow'd with purer fire.  
" Loquacious upstart of the noisy crowd,  
" For mischief born, in defamation loud ;  
" How can that tongue pronounce us the disgrace  
" Of sacred Pean, and his godlike race ?  
" Search your own hearts, obey your settled rules ;  
" Slaves to the jargon of detested schools.

K

" And



" And can that shameless front presume to lower,  
 " Where festive pleasure spends the jocund hour?  
 " To thy own flock thy hated mandates bear,  
 " Nor longer raise thy useless clamours here;  
 " Else the warm blood shall from thy nostril flow,  
 " And fix thee here beneath the weight of woe."  
 Swift as an arrow cuts the liquid skies,  
 Or the warm glyster from the fyringe flies,  
 Impatient Stentor meditates a blow,  
 Nor deigns an answer to his hated foe.  
 On a broad dish magnificently bright,  
 Smok'd a huge rump all tempting to the fight.  
 Two waiters scarce the weighty mass could raise,  
 Waiters who serve in these degenerate days.  
 This in his arms from out the circling bound  
 He heaves, and furious whirls it round, and round.  
 At Bruno hurl'd, it flew with boundless force,  
 (A trail of gravy mark'd its rapid course)  
 Sudden he stoop'd, while far above his head  
 It rush'd, and number'd Celsus with the dead.  
 Where the strong \* crotaphite, by nature's law,  
 Is firm inserted in the lower jaw,  
 With dreadful dash it fixt a hideous wound,  
 And struck the youthful hero to the ground.  
 Tempestuous Bruno, raging at the view,  
 Fierce as a lion at the table flew;  
 Whence furious snatch'd, a goose full fed, and fair,  
 Pois'd in his hands shone glittering in the air,

\* The temporal muscle.

Ah!



Ah! hapless fowl! once glory of the plain!  
No more the meadows echo to thy strain,  
Shorn of thy plumes now doom'd thro' air to go;  
Great Stentor's breast receives th' unwelcome blow.  
Five backward steps he measures o'er the floor,  
While loud the tempest, with tremendous roar,  
Respondent echoes thro' his postern door.  
Ere yet recover'd, from an arm unknown,  
A lordly pudding dash'd on Nestor's crown;  
Forth from its fruitful womb a torrent pours,  
And down his face descends in plenteous showers.  
Hurl'd from his head, his wig at distance flies,  
While high in air its smoky volumes rise.  
As the fresh hay new gather'd from the plain,  
And heap'd yet humid by the thrifty swain;  
The ponderous mass internal warmth acquires,  
Swells and augments, till burst the smother'd fires:  
Thick wreaths of waving smoke successive rise,  
Obscure the village, and involve the skies.  
Mean time, the tumult rings on every side,  
The combat glows, and Uproar lords it wide;  
Each dauntless breast exulting Discord warms,  
While the deck'd board affords each warrior arms.  
As from the mill descends the pounded grain,  
O'er head the flying fowls are cast amain.  
Aloft the martyr'd turkey shines display'd,  
And thick potatoes form a dreadful shade:  
With floods of sauce the room is cover'd o'er,  
And mingled jellies paste the slippery floor.



Say, goddess, ere the transient colours fade,  
 What heroes triumph'd, and what heroes bled?  
 While ruthless Galen 'midst the dire alarms,  
 With jaws expanded shouts aloud, to arms,  
 Fixt in his mouth a huge potatoe lay,  
 And loud the warrior mourn'd the fatal day,  
 Till Stentor's forceps eas'd his raging pain,  
 And sent him glorious to the war again.  
 As calm from far the tumult he surveys,  
 A custard falls on Paracelsus' face.  
 Prone, on the floor, he sinks with arms display'd,  
 And sucks the morsel, careless of his fate.  
 Incens'd Machaon to the table sprung,  
 And, with full force, a large decanter flung.  
 Where \* sterno-cleido-mastoideus glides,  
 And the † carotid pours its rushing tides,  
 Young Sawney's neck the dangerous wound receives,  
 The fading light his swimming eye-balls leaves.  
 Born to the pleasures of the cheerful plain,  
 'Twas his fond task to tend the fleecy train.  
 Till the young stripling up to manhood grown,  
 Great Pean saw, and claim'd him for his own.  
 Ah! had he still pursued his rural care,  
 Nor, bold in action, fought the ranks of war!

\* A muscle on the side of the neck, which anatomists have honoured with this name.

† The carotid artery.

But



But now, behold ! more dreadful scenes appear,  
For fight prepar'd, here \* Jones, and Andreas there :  
At Andreas' breast his foe a blow intends ;  
O'er Jones's head bold Andreas' cane impends :  
Jones strikes, but fails, for Pallas, unimplor'd,  
Turns his strong knuckles 'gainst the solid board.  
Not so grim Andreas ; on his shrinking foe,  
From high descending, falls the deadly blow ;  
Stunn'd with the dreadful shock, he reels around,  
And prone beneath the side-board bites the ground.  
The tottering fabric tost from side to side  
O'er the pale hero pours the fragrant tide.  
As Troy's fam'd river, when defil'd with blood,  
O'er young Pelides roll'd the foaming flood ;  
So over Jones, as stretch'd he lay supine,  
Smok'd the wide deluge of o'erflowing wine.  
This Bruno saw, and instant at the view,  
With rage unbounded to the combat flew ;  
Swift as a whirlwind he pursued his way,  
Where valiant Stentor gain'd the glorious day.  
Beneath his arm, pale students prest the plain  
Like leaves in autumn, or like drops of rain.  
" Turn, coward, turn," th' indignant warrior cried ;  
The hero hear'd him, and prepar'd for fight.  
Awed at the sight, the trembling crowd desists,  
And shuns the whistling of their dreadful fists.  
Just as when Humphries on the lofty stage,  
And quick Mendoza bare them to engage.

\* Dr. Jones, author of the Inquiry into the State of Medicine.



Each batter'd breast is black with many a wound,  
And blows unceasing thro' the air resound ;  
While the glad bucks with rapture hail the scene,  
And gaze, for ever, on the godlike men.  
With stedfast eye, great Bruno wide survey'd  
The spacious round of Stentor's kingly head ;  
But recollection bade his arm restrain,  
Nor idly strive where mortal force was vain.  
At length expos'd a proper place he spied,  
Where the large liver fill'd th' encumber'd side.  
He struck ; a mournful groan from Stentor broke,  
He sunk beneath the unavowed stroke.  
He falls ! he falls ! the hero of the war ;  
His batter'd trunk defil'd with many a scar.  
His foe triumphing drags him o'er the floor,  
And fierce expels him thro' the opening door.  
His abject state, his trembling fellows spy ;  
Hopeless of triumph, lo ! they run, they fly.  
The conqueror follows with insulting boast,  
And swift before him drives the routed host.  
As the glad rustic unto Smithfield fair,  
Thro' the long path impels his fleecy care ;  
Loud as he shouts they scour the smoking plain,  
And, faint with heat, their heaving bosoms strain :  
So these ; while Bruno, with redoubled blows,  
O'er the whole throng his dex'trous might bestows.  
As the young Tyro, delicate and nice,  
With lifted pestle, pounds the fragrant spice ;  
With order due, he keeps the measur'd beat,  
And shrill the mortar echoes thro' the street.



Or as in homely barn the sturdy swains,  
With flails uplifted, thrash the bouncing grains ;  
Patient they go, in long gradation round,  
And quick the never-ceasing thumps resound.  
Far from the clamour Stentor they convey,  
And stretch'd supinely on his couch display ;  
There unguents smooth in viscous torrents ran,  
And half embalm'd the mummy of a man.

THE



Or as he says, the study of the  
With a little effort, the history of the  
And the history of the world is  
And the history of the world is  
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T H E

B R U N O N I A D.

---

THE DESCENT OF PEAN.

---

A R G U M E N T.

**P**EAN conducteth the Hero to the Top of the Mount of Visions—showeth him the Temples and Palaces of Augusta, and more especially the Oracle in Warwick-Lane—whither the Potentates pass in due Order—While he laudeth their Ardour, he of a sudden waxeth wroth at the Sight of a Public Orator—His Observations on the Faculty—and his Instructions to Bruno.

The Scene first on the Top of the Mount, then in the Metropolis—The Time continueth till Midnight.

L.







---

T H E  
B R U N O N I A D.

---

C A N T O VI.

**D**OES the war silence? does the combat close?  
And shall the hero sink in soft repose?  
Hail to the hand which laid the boaster low,  
And quell'd the dreadful terrors of his brow!  
Haste, and the verdant laurel bring along;  
From every bosom burst the boundless song:  
Ye boon associates, bring the flowing bowl,  
Intent to sooth the mighty master's soul:  
O! let his heart the grateful triumph share,  
Like great Lenæus from his Indian war.  
Ah no! o'er all let sacred silence reign;  
For toils and labours yet unknown remain.  
Swift from the regions of unclouded day,  
Through the smooth air great Pean wings his way;  
Bright on his cheeks the bloom of youth appears,  
And o'er his shoulders wave his golden hairs.  
Array'd in smiles he beckons from afar,  
And sails incumbent on the breezy air;



Earth to receive him spreads her lofty seat,  
 And towering Arthur rocks beneath his feet.  
 Obedient where the guide celestial leads,  
 The hero follows through the spacious meads ;  
 While the chaste moon, amid the azure sky,  
 With pomp refulgent glitters from on high.  
 His toiling feet the tedious hill ascend,  
 And low at Pean's sacred presence bend.

\* Ye Ghosts of Men by mystic Science slain,  
 Who roam all mournful o'er the midnight plain !  
 Ye Genii who the sickly bed attend !  
 And thou, stern Death, the grave physician's friend !  
 Grant me in solemn numbers to relate,  
 To mortal ears, the dark decrees of Fate ;  
 To sing the dictates of great Pean's tongue,  
 When pleasing thus th' harmonious periods rung :

“ While solemn silence calms the boundless deeps,  
 “ While lul'd to slumber mute creation sleeps,  
 “ I come, descending through the airy way,  
 “ A faithful nunciate from the realms of day ;  
 “ To call my matchless sons serene and great,  
 “ To move before thee in majestic state ;  
 “ From Fate's decrees to chase th' encumbering gloom,  
 “ And show thee visions of the years to come.  
 “ † But first with nectar purge thy earthly eyes,  
 “ Brought from the lucid kingdoms of the skies.”

So spoke the god, and, from a phial tall,  
 Dropp'd the pure essence on each smarting ball.

\* See Virgil. *Æneis* vi.

† See Milton.



Its sovereign power the wondering chief admir'd,  
 Strong as if port his mortal frame inspir'd.  
 Clear and more clear he views the blaze of light,  
 And boldly looks in majesty of sight.  
 Then Pean thus: "Thy dazzled orbs unfold,  
 " And Albion's huge metropolis behold;  
 " Her crowded marts enrich'd with gay perfumes,  
 " Her thousand turrets, and her regal domes:  
 " From Scotia's mountains hither shalt thou fly,  
 " And breathe the breezes of a southern sky.  
 " Behold, where, proudly eminent o'er all,  
 " Nods the great temple of resplendent Paul!  
 " See, near its walls, that memorable place\*,  
 " Where the grim porter guards a boisterous race;  
 " Poor piteous remnant which physicians spare,  
 " Ah! oft exalted 'midst the realms of air!  
 " And see my numerous sons, a goodly train,  
 " And all the splendor of our Warwick-lane!  
 " Lo! o'er their heads what groves of lancets glare!  
 " What crowds of perukes whiten all the air!  
 " Far o'er the throng what bland enemas fly,  
 " And, urg'd like fountains, spout their streams on high!  
 " What scrawls, prescriptions, antiquated rules!  
 " What saws, what knives, what multitudes of tools!  
 " Lo! L—ttf—e, thundering in his gilded car,  
 " Refulgent comes! Ye impious quacks, beware!  
 " Hark! as he passes injured Whitehead† calls,  
 " See! Skeete† indignant waves th' expanded scrolls.

\* Newgate.

† See their publications against the Doctor.

" His



" His ear, impervious to all hostile sound,  
 " No voice can soften, no invective wound.  
 " Onward he rushes, ardent to engage,  
 " Where the cough rattles, and the quartans rage;  
 " While the sad spirit struggles to be free,  
 " But goes content when L—ttf—e has his fee.  
 " Behold! where Cr—ksh—s follows close behind,  
 " Some deep invention labouring in his mind.  
 " O'er all the frame his bright ideas pry,  
 " No viscus 'scapes his penetrating eye.  
 " His hand th' injection through each tube impells,  
 " And bold and clear the bright lymphatic swells.  
 " Fresh from the street where sacred \*Thomas stands,  
 " Lo! Cl—e displays his blood-polluted hands.  
 " Aloft the consecrated knife he waves,  
 " And from its sides the crimson torrent laves.  
 " Well can he trace the wide meandering wound,  
 " And turn the ghastly subject round and round.  
 " He shows each muscle with precision rare,  
 " And snuffs the aromatic gale from far.  
 " But lo! where, fresh from Nature's forming hands,  
 " Blunt and sincere, immortal H—t—r stands:  
 " Unaw'd by fashion's all-prevailing sway,  
 " Calm and compos'd he keeps his steady way;  
 " Stedfast, his arm the deep incision guides,  
 " While from their channels burst the crimson tides.  
 " To him, ye gentle nymphs of Drury, move,  
 " Who bear the sad remains of hapless love:

\* St. Thomas's Hospital.

" His



" His sovereign power the shameful breach shall close,

" Preserve the palate, and the sinking nose :

" No trembling dastard he ; the same to him,

" To quaff his bottle, or to lop a limb.

" \* Still, still, my P—tt, amid the glorious band,

" A yard of entrails pendent at thy hand ;

" Retire, my son, retire from all alarms,

" Nor bound exulting, mid the clash of arms.

" Enough, great fire, now glory can no more,

" See thousand victims on the Stygian shore!

" Well pleas'd shall Charon waft thee o'er the flood,

" All stain'd and crimson'd with thy country's blood ;

" While rolls thy name in life's revolving streams,

" And shines for ever in thy polish'd themes.

" Nearer and nearer through the tumult draws,

" In splendid pomp, the majesty of H—w—s.

" Hark ! from his lips the swelling notes rebound,

" How faint in sense, but how sublime in sound !

" † For victims rescued from the 'whelming wave,

" When Hope itself denied the power to save,

" Refulgent Fame extends the circling crown,

" And soft Humanity salutes her son.

" But see, my Bruno, where in fullen guise,

" Thy country's offspring comes, the great F—rd—ce.

" Like thine, his features, with vermilion bright,

" Reflect a radiance on the face of night.

" Not he to gruel's slender sway consign'd,

" No thin potations damp his daring mind.

\* This was written before his death.

† Alluding to the Humane Society, of which he is a principal member.



- " Smiles the weak patient as he takes his way,  
 " And port supplies the place of exil'd tea.  
 " Hark! hark! from far what doubling thunder swells!  
 " What noise of horses! and what clash of wheels!  
 " He comes! he comes! resistless through the throng,  
 " S—d—rs the bold, the bulky, and the strong.  
 " See! 'midst the press the smoking chariot goes,  
 " While many a hero mourns his aching toes.  
 " Hail, dread physician! how divinely fair!  
 " How vast the splendor of thy powder'd hair!  
 " From year to year thy humour still the same,  
 " Keen as the splendor of thy chymic flame.  
 " O frail condition of all mortal state!  
 " That worth like thine should bow to angry fate!  
 " Yet thou ere long must give thy frolics o'er,  
 " And plausive youths attend thy wit no more;  
 " While o'er thee Fame her labouring lungs shall strain,  
 " And \* Guy's sad patients mourn their monarch slain.  
 " Sk—e, Sk—e, my child, why thus inglorious plod?  
 " Why thus obsequious to his awful nod?  
 " Hast thou not wisdom? Be that wisdom shown,  
 " And rise sublime by merit all thy own.  
 " Hath not gay London tutor'd thee of yore,  
 " And wiser Scotland open'd all her store?  
 " Rise then, my son, while youth inspires thee rise;  
 " Be bold, be great, be virtuous, and be wise.  
 " Sweet child of nature, form'd all hearts t' engage,  
 " Gay youth's allurements mix'd with sober age;

\* Guy's Hospital.

" Long,



" Long, long in life's tumultuous mazes tried,  
 " No drowfy pedant, and no slave of pride;  
 " All hail, my L—d—r, whose benignant mind,  
 " By learning polish'd, and by taste refin'd,  
 " Is skill'd alike o'er classic ground to stray,  
 " Or cautious rove in physic's thorny way.  
 " To thee the matron pours her earnest prayer,  
 " And gives her burden to thy tender care.  
 " Fond maids, by hapless love condemn'd to grief,  
 " Hasten to thy mansion, and expect relief.  
 " (Vain, vain the wish to fly from sad disgrace,  
 " When fruitful nature multiplies apace.)  
 " Stern and unmov'd thy stubborn soul remains,  
 " Deaf to sweet beauty's plaint, and beauty's pains.  
 " But hark! the midwife calls, no longer stay,  
 " Hasten to the summons; haste, my son, away."

Great Pean paus'd: unmov'd the hero stood,  
 And roll'd his eyes o'er all the mingled crowd;  
 They, thick as insects 'neath a summer's sky,  
 To the full concourse from each street drew nigh:  
 From side to side the mingling murmurs flow'd,  
 And each brave breast with various passions glow'd.  
 Some, far in theory's wild meanders tost,  
 Harangu'd the throng till thought itself was lost:  
 Others to practice loudly made appeal,  
 And curs'd the rest as foes to public weal:  
 While in the hall, in grave and solemn state,  
 The reverend college sat in deep debate.  
 No vulgar dogma caus'd the glorious strife,  
 No symptom, harbinger of death or life.

M

To



To thoughts so mean can learned doctors bow ?

The cause debated was a patient's toe.

Then Pean thus : " My son, the scene behold,

" How loud their tongues, their eloquence how bold ;

" How strong their arguments, their wit how keen ;

" What angry features, what indignant mien !

" From civil brawls forbear, my sons, forbear,

" Nor plunge your pupils in the woes of war."

Here ceas'd the god, his voice by rage suppress'd ;

Wide boil'd the tumult in his troubled breast.

Scarce could his eyes the hideous shock sustain,

Till thus his tuneful tongue pursued again :

" Oh heavens! what fights! what pangs! what pains! what racks!

" A herd of scoundrels! and a tribe of quacks!

" My noble art a base employment made,

" Disgrac'd, and levell'd with the meanest trade !

" See! the puff'd orator erected stands,

" Shakes his huge wig, and waves his agile hands.

" \* And what is he, who, brisk and debonair,

" With frame inverted shakes his heels in air?

" O favour'd isle, with every folly fraught,

" Nurse of all ranks from every region brought!

" How can thy sons, who, warm in thy defence,

" Expire for freedom, bear the loss of sense?

" Is't not enough thy salutary laws,

" For gold, can bend to vice or virtue's cause?

\* This custom, of the itinerant doctor's attendant inverting the order of nature, is thought by many to be no unapt emblem of his practice; the head where the tail should be. We cannot however agree with them; since, when properly examined, we believe it will be a difficult matter to find either the one or the other.

" That,



" That, lull'd in downy ease, thy grave divines  
 " Can swear or pray, as various taste inclines?  
 " Must my own phyfic too inglorious bend,  
 " Form'd and adapted to the vilest end?  
 " O brightest science, how profound thy fall!  
 " O sweet philosophy, how vain thy call!  
 " But see, afar, the curst procession flies,  
 " And happier prospects glad my cheerful eyes.  
 " Again, my genuine sons, a faithful band,  
 " Like swarms of locusts, cover all the land.  
 " Tremendous \* Stephenson, with angry eye,  
 " Glares on the tumult as it passes by.  
 " See, with what care their dex'trous organs scan  
 " † How strict mechanic the machine of man.  
 " How swift they move! discoursing all the while  
 " Of morbid matter, and redundant bile.  
 " Their hands how busy, how intent their souls,  
 " On writing pamphlets, and inspecting stools!  
 " Thus stands confest the lurking foe explor'd;  
 " Thus, by the herald, they descry the lord.  
 " See, the learn'd chymist o'er the tow'ring blaze,  
 " Absorpt in thought, proceeds from maze to maze:  
 " The great pathologist, with quill display'd,  
 " Beholds the train of symptoms rise and fade;

\* See this gentleman's Observations on Blood-letting, &c. where the Faculty is plentifully bespattered with a multitude of invectives.

† Physiologists have considered the body as an hydraulic machine, and have discovered therein the various mechanical powers, as pulleys, levers, &c. This idea has by some been carried to the utmost; the heart being compared to the pendulum of a clock, and the brain to the wheels.



" Selects the chief, and boldly levels there  
 " The thunder of his pharmaceutic war;  
 " While, overpower'd, when drooping reason fails,  
 " Aloft thro' air triumphant fancy sails.  
 " But ah! my son, how vain thy fruitless pains  
 " Still, still, untouch'd the parent stock remains;  
 " And, as each one beneath thy valour dies,  
 " Prompt in its stead a hundred hydras rise.  
 " Lo! in his cell, amid the gloom of night,  
 " Where shines the taper, pores a wondrous wight  
 " Patient he roves th' experimental field,  
 " While to his valour thousand victims yield.  
 " See, throngs on throngs pursue the bloody game,  
 " Ev'n youthful tyroes catch th' infectious flame.  
 " Surely her head must sacred Science raise,  
 " Upheld by champions unappall'd like these.  
 " Yet, hard it seems, at pleasure's roving call,  
 " Unwept, that patient innocence should fall.  
 " Ah turn, my son, I hear the wailful moans,  
 " Through all her scenes afflicted Nature groans.  
 " But go, my Bruno, to the South repair;  
 " To aid our generous art, be thine the care.  
 " Around thy chair shall welcome pupils wait,  
 " Where the great Devil \* guards his awful gate;  
 " While heroes' heads, aloft, o'er Temple Bar,  
 " Like martyr'd subjects glitter from afar.  
 " Teach them, my son, in every various frame,  
 " How parent Nature operates the same;

\* The Devil Tavern, where he delivered his first Lectures.

" What



“ What vast effects from simple causes spring,  
“ Afflict alike the beggar and the king.  
“ With raptur’d eye, the whole creation view,  
“ What fair variety, yet all how true :  
“ How great, how simple the Creator’s plan,  
“ Nor least his grand, his chiefest creature man.  
“ With peruke huge enfold thy reverend head :  
“ To the gilt chariot yoke the bounding steed ;  
“ Still, as of old, on foot the vulgar war,  
“ Each chief deals fury from his lofty car.  
“ Yet ah ! behold Elysian prospects fail,  
“ And dark and gloomy frowns the horrid jail.  
“ Yet, yet endure, restrain the gushing tear,  
“ The hero’s boast is, never to despair.  
“ Again ere long shall happier prospects shine,  
“ And Freedom call thee to her sacred shrine ;  
“ Again shall Flora grace the purple spring,  
“ And merry Peter satirize his king.  
“ Still shall grim Censure wake her venom’d strain,  
“ And Persecution lead her hissing train :  
“ But thou, my son, shalt learn, unmov’d, to bear  
“ The taunt calumnious, and the harmless jeer ;  
“ The wayward follies of a sliding age,  
“ Indignant Malice, Envy’s fiercest rage ;  
“ Triumphant climb the mountain’s haughty brow,  
“ And hear, serene, the thunder growl below ;  
“ Till sure, at length, the fatal moments come,  
“ And Glory binds her laurel round thy tomb.”

Here ceas’d the god (while low the hero bows) ;  
The blaze effulgent glitters round his brows :

And



And while from far the clocks sonorous toll,  
And village mastiffs raise the midnight howl,  
Through fields of liquid air aloft he flies,  
And skims the starry kingdoms of the skies;  
Till glad he hails the radiant domes above,  
And quaffs his nectar in the court of Jove.

